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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,
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MYSTERY.

I.

CURSE not the web of circumstance ;
Is God no God to thee ?
A brooklet ripples not by chance
To join the brimming sea ;
By law its babbling waters dance,
And skip in minstrelsy.

II.

And are the laws of sea and brook
But fables in thine eyes ?
And are the leaves of nature's book
Writ with eternal lies ?
Is there no God of law to look
On man, and sympathize ?

III.

Are great worlds moving without plan ?
That plan by chance begot ?
The smallest insect doubt may scan
Shows wisdom, without blot ;
Then, be ye patient, foolish man, —
God is, or law were not.

CHARLES T. LUSTED.

Blackwood's Magazine.

IN MEMORIAM—GEORGE BENTLEY.

May 29th, 1895.

FRIEND, shall we never meet again
By thy loved "waters of the West" ?¹
Hast thou forsook the ways of men,
Exchanged thy eager life for rest ?
Thou art not dead, thou art not far,
Thou art not buried in the grave,
But livest still, a power to save,
To me, to more, a rising star.

What wast thou, friend, of whom I sing ?
How shall I wed thy worth to rhyme ?
My voice is weak, or it would ring
With such a theme, at such a time ;
For thou wast of the blessed few
Who ease the many of their load,
Who set men forward on the road
That tends towards the boundless blue.

'Twas not alone thy mind was rife
With what the best and wisest sung —
That Wordsworth, Lamb, wrought in thy
life,
And lived upon thy kindly tongue ;
But that thy life, averse to gloom,
Still gave out light to all who groped,
Till they, like thee, looked up and hoped
The Father's house for all had room.

¹ On the Pembrokeshire seacoast.

The years have passed since first we met,
And talked of Homer's "violet sea."
Now thou art gone, alas ! And yet
I would not have thee less than free.
Good-night, dear friend ! Sleep sound,
sleep well,
And gracious dreams be thine till dawn ;
And when thou wak'st, not far with-
drawn

May I be found. God work this spell !

JOHN JERVIS BERESFORD, M.A.
Temple Bar.

THE SONG OF A HAPPY OLD WOMAN.

SPRING came to me in childhood, long ago,
And said, "Pick violets ; they're at thy
feet."

And I fill'd all my pinafore, and O,
They smelt most sweet !

Next, Summer came, in girlhood, long ago,
And said, "Pick roses, they are every-
where."

And I made garlands out of them, and O,
They were most fair !

Then Autumn came, in womanhood, you
know,
And said, "The apples garner ; it is
late."

And I fill'd wagons with their load, and O,
My store was great !

Last, Winter comes ; for Eld has brought
its snow,
And says, "Sit quiet, shelter'd from the
storm."

And I sit in my easy-chair, and O,
The hearth how warm !

ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.
Leisure Hour.

SHE loved the autumn and the spring,
Sad all the songs she loved to sing ;
And in her face was strangely set
Some great inherited regret.

Some look in all things made her sigh,
Yea, sad to her the morning sky :
"So sad ! So sad its beauty seems" —
I hear her say it still in dreams.

Spirit of Sadness, in the spheres
Is there an end of mortal tears ?
Or is there still in those great eyes
That look of lonely hills and skies ?

R. LE GALLIENNE.

From *The United Service Magazine*.
THE CAMPAIGN OF FLODDEN.

BY C. STEIN.

THERE is no district in the realm of Britain richer in natural beauties than the borderland between England and Scotland; none whose every spot is more fecund with associations romantic, historic, and poetic. For many hundred years it was a debatable land where, even during nominal peace between the two countries, the wild and unsettled men who dwelt on the fringe of each spent their days in the unceasing round of private feud and quarrel; and where, in the frequently recurring wars, the waters of the main boundary stream, the silver Tweed, were muddied by the passage of large armed forces, to which the raiders of the border attached themselves as light cavalry and scouts, exulting in the opportunity of licensed and widely extended rapine. For the most part waste and roadless, fortresses clustered thickly on either side to guard the tracks and fords; every farmhouse was a fine tower built more for defence and shelter from a foe than for any other purpose; and the slender population of the humbler class was in constant readiness to fly to a secure fastness, or to collect in arms, according to the strength of sudden attack and the possibility of friendly support. The poetry of the border fills volumes; its history is the tale of the relations between two kingdoms; its romance has been a rich mine for many authors, from the great Sir Walter to countless literary pigmies. All three are our heritage to-day, and, if we will, they are to be enjoyed in the environment of its exceeding loveliness.

Of all the places where a traveller may linger in study and meditation, of all the scenes that have been theatres of great events in our island story, of all the land which now combines the wild beauties of nature with the fairness of peaceful cultivation, there is no spot more pregnant with memories, none more deserving of critical examination, none with a greater individual charm, than Flodden Field. Comparatively

little is generally known, in its exact details, of the great struggle which here took place nigh four hundred years ago. Most people owe all their knowledge to "*Marmion*," and indeed, either directly or indirectly, almost all that can be told has been repeated in the glowing tale; but there are many points which will bear repetition, some which have not been made use of by the great poet. We may still be permitted to glean where he has reaped, and to profit by the stores which he has long ago garnered. Hall, Hollingshed, Pitscottie, Pinkerton, old county histories, Weber's edition of a long descriptive ballad poem written in the sixteenth century, all tell something, and supplement each other. A study of the scene of action, local tradition, and place names eke out our knowledge where it is scantiest, and we are able to place before our mind's eye a tolerably coherent picture of the short and disastrous campaign

Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield.

The claim of supremacy set up by Edward I., and persevered in by all his successors, had been the cause of undying hostility between England and Scotland. It was a right which one nation would not abandon, and to which the other, by many instances of stern resistance, had shown that it would never submit. The history of both for more than a hundred years had been one of inveterate war, or short and doubtful truce. In 1496, James IV. of Scotland led a force into Northumberland in support of Perkin Warbeck, the pretender to the English crown, and, in retaliation, Berwickshire was invaded by the English in 1497. James, however, abandoned Perkin Warbeck's cause, and a truce of seven years was arranged between the rival kingdoms. The wise and polite Henry VII., anxious to inaugurate an era of tranquillity, agreed to give his daughter Margaret in marriage to James IV., and on the occasion of this alliance, which took place in 1502, a treaty of perpetual peace was signed.

On the accession of Henry VIII. to the throne of England, dissensions very rapidly arose between him and his brother-in-law. There was constant trouble on the borders, and James had reasonable cause to consider that he was injured in some of the later disturbances. On the other hand, the brothers Barton, who had fitted out two armed ships by the authority of the king of Scotland, had committed acts of piracy at sea, and had been engaged and defeated by the sons of the Earl of Surrey. There was therefore sufficient matter of dispute, and the ill-feeling was inflamed by French influence. War was about to break out between France and England, and Louis XII. was desirous of renewing the hereditary alliance with Scotland, in order that apprehension of attack from the north might prevent Henry VII. from invading his kingdom. French gold was lavished among the Scottish nobles and men who had influence with James, while Anne of Bretagne, the queen of France, flattered his romantic gallantry by calling herself his lady-love, and conjuring him to march three miles on English ground for her sake.

In June, 1513, Henry VIII. sailed for France with a gallant army, and entered upon the siege of Terouenne. James then took a decided step, and sent a herald to the English king's camp, demanding that he should cease from aggressions upon Scotland's ally, and furthermore, recalling the old subjects of quarrel originating on the borders and at sea. This was equivalent to a declaration of war, and was received as such by Henry. A scornful reply was sent, but before the herald returned to Scotland, hostilities had begun, the great battle had been fought, and James IV. was dead.

When war had appeared imminent, the note of preparation sounded through Scotland, and James summoned his whole kingdom's strength to make ready to take the field. No Scottish sovereign had ever been more popular, and, though thinking men had denounced the war as imprudent, the

monarch's call to arms was eagerly and promptly obeyed. The tidings of this national movement came to the Earl of Surrey, who had been left by Henry VIII. as lieutenant-governor of the kingdom, with special charge to guard against a Scots' invasion, and he sent Sir William Bulmer with two hundred mounted archers to watch and scout on the border, while he took vigorous measures to collect a force which would be able to protect England. The precaution was taken none too soon. The first rumor of intended hostilities was sufficient to set the border in a flame; and Alexander Lord Home, who only a few years before had succeeded his father as chamberlain of Scotland, and was, moreover, warden of the marches, having collected a force of three or four thousand men, was already on the march through Northumberland, and had struck the first blow by rifling and burning seven villages where he collected considerable spoil. Sir William Bulmer was a man of action and resource. Round his nucleus of archers he gathered some of the English gentlemen of the border with their followers, and swelled his command to nearly a thousand strong. Even so he was too weak to meet Home in direct combat, but, lying in wait on the Scottish line of retreat, he concealed his small force in the thick broom which clothed Millfield Plain. Home's men, laden with spoil and straggling in careless and disordered march, thought not of possible attack. Suddenly the deadly shower of arrows from an unseen foe whistled through their files, and the continuous discharge laid low five or six hundred. Unmarshalled, bewildered, and unknowing the strength of the enemy, they fell easy victims to the subsequent charge of Bulmer's mail-clad horsemen, and pressed to the Tweed in headlong flight. Lord Home's brother with two hundred men were left prisoners in the hands of the victors. All their booty and many horses were lost, and the march warden himself with the rout of the panic-stricken fugitives only found safety after crossing the Tutford. This skirmish was afterwards consid-

ered by the Scots as an ill omen at the commencement of the war, and was generally known as "The ill Rode." It is doubtful whether Lord Home's incursion was made by the direct order of James, but, though a warden of the marches had much latitude and independence in action, it is not likely that he would have committed himself so seriously if he had not felt confident of approval.

Meantime the king and his advisers held serious consultation whether England should or should not be invaded. Queen Margaret and many of his wisest nobles were against such a hazardous undertaking, and James's superstition was worked upon by warnings and portents said to be supernatural. At Linlithgow a venerable form, supposed to be St. Andrew, the country's patron saint, walked up to the king's seat in church and foretold disaster. A few days later an unknown mysterious voice was heard at midnight to summon from the Market Cross of Edinburgh the chief leaders of the army to appear before an infernal tribunal. But the council of prudence and the warnings of superstition both equally failed to influence James. Perhaps he distrusted the good faith of the one and suspected the human origin of the other. He found many men to excite his passion for war, notably Andrew Forman, the self-seeking and ambitious Bishop of Moray, and De la Motte, the French ambassador; his army, gathered from every province of his realm, even including a contingent of the half-savage western Islesmen, and amounting in all to more than one hundred thousand men, was assembled in array on the Boroughmuir of Edinburgh, and he took the fatal determination to march at its head to the borders.

It is difficult to realize in our days what were the conditions of a great feudal array such as is said to have been concentrated and encamped for a time under the stately and aged oaks, then scattered over the Boroughmuir, and which moved at the command of the gallant, chivalrous king. An assembly of one hundred thousand

trained and disciplined troops would now tax to the utmost the capabilities even of a highly instructed modern staff. The feeding of man and horse, the provision of beasts of burden and indispensable transport, the maintenance of order not only in camp, but also in the neighboring city, the care of the unavoidable percentage of sick, would be problems of the gravest description during the period of concentration, and, when the gigantic force moved, the marshalling of the various columns would be a most difficult and complicated operation. Indeed, we may believe that such a work as James IV. and his subordinate leaders imposed on themselves would now never be undertaken. If a modern general in Scotland had to move one hundred thousand men to invade England, he would certainly never think of assembling his whole army in one spot or of moving it on one line of approach, but his *corps d'armée* would be organized at several different points, and would be moved towards their objective by different routes within supporting distance of each other. It is possible that, even in the sixteenth century, though we have no suggestion of the fact in contemporary records, this was practically done, and that, though the king of Scotland's headquarters were at Edinburgh, many of his contingents may have been assembled at points miles apart, and that the whole may have been finally moved on a broad front. Whatever was really done, we must recognize no mean degree of military skill in the leaders who could produce order in an assemblage of contingents arriving in unknown strength, composed of men unused to discipline and untrained to manœuvre, led by chiefs and nobles jealous of their dignity and unwilling to acknowledge the authority of any but a feudal superior. Each man who was summoned to the field brought with him, as we know, provision for forty days, but much extra food must have been required even for the soldiery, and the horse provender must have demanded careful thought and provision. The sick, no

doubt, remained where they fell, and were not allowed to encumber the march, or, if they were not important personages, to have men told off for their attendance. Transport must have been provided for a certain number of tents and stores, and the officers must have maintained a fair discipline; for, though it was in the nature of things that numbers in the vast army should supply their immediate wants by helping themselves to the resources of the country through which they passed, there is no record in any chronicle of great excesses having been committed while the force was in a friendly country. When, too, the movement to the border began, the fifty or sixty miles march to the Tweed was accomplished over the rude tracks, which then did duty for roads, in six or seven days, no despicable rate of progress to have been maintained by so large a force, and reflecting the utmost credit on those who directed and superintended the movement.

On the 21st August the Scottish army was at Coldstream; on the 22nd the Tweed was crossed, and a camp was formed at Twisel, where the Till joins the great river. Here there was a delay of two days before further operations were undertaken. James had now a great opportunity before him. There was not yet collected in the field against him any considerable force, and, with the great army under his command, the whole of the north of England lay at his mercy. It may well be believed that Carlisle, Newcastle, Durham, and York, might easily have been taken, and the surrounding districts overrun. A great moral effect might have been produced upon the enemy, the supplies of his army might have been renewed, and his followers might have been enriched and encouraged by plenteous spoil. But the king was no Bruce or Douglas. With all his personal gallantry, all his military aspirations and thirst for glory, he was no strategist. He had no experienced soldier at his side to advise him, or if there was any one who might have given him sound counsel, his own self-

will and self-confidence refused to be influenced. The English border fortresses presented themselves before him. They might easily have been masked and disregarded, but he set himself to work to reduce them, wasting, in the trivial operations, time, energy, and, above all, his limited food-supplies. Norham Castle was the first to be attacked, and its commander offered a stout resistance. The Scottish batteries were established on Ladykirk bank, but had little effect on the strong old walls, and it was not till the fifth day of the siege that a breach was made in the defences. Legend tells us that a traitor in the garrison, under promise of reward, indicated to James where the wall was weakest and how the first position of his artillery was defective. Poetic justice was meted to the villain, who was hanged by the king, and the place of his execution was known in days long after as the Hangman's Land. The castles of Wark and Etal were the next to fall, and then came the turn of Ford, which was fated to be a final stumbling-block in the path of James's fortunes. The chatelaine of Ford was Lady Heron, the wife of Sir William Heron, who was at that time a prisoner in Scotland, having been surrendered by Henry VII. on account of his share in the murder of Sir Robert Ker of Cessford by his brother the bastard Heron. There is an old tradition that James had been for many years (since 1500) enamoured of Lady Heron. Whether this was the case or no, she now appears to have entangled him by her fascinations, and the warrior king, forgetful of his duty to his country and his army, could not withdraw himself from her society. There is a vague story that James's natural son, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, who accompanied him on the campaign, also fell a victim to Lady Heron's daughter, but as there is no Miss Heron mentioned in the family genealogy, this may be doubted. At Ford Castle, therefore, the Scottish king dallied, and the tapestried room is still shown, in the old part of the castle, which now belongs

to the Marquis of Waterford, where the monarch slept during his disastrous subjection to Lady Heron's enchantments. Meantime his army was exposed to every evil influence that could affect its strength and spirit. The season was exceptionally wet and cold, and, confined in the barren extremity of England, on wild heaths and wind-swept uplands, the great inert mass of Scottish soldiery must have suffered painfully. Their provisions began to fail, and in the unfruitful land they had no opportunity of procuring more. Worse than all, their spirit was sapped by the wearisome delay and inaction, of all influences the most hurtful even to trained and disciplined troops, to men who were gathered under the feudal system, without pay, and whose only hope of recompense was in the spoil which a successful war would give, absolutely destructive. The result followed which was only too reasonably to be anticipated. The Scottish host began to melt away. Some of the deserters were racked with sickness, some pinched by famine, and some, who had been fortunate enough to secure booty and captives in the first operations of the campaign, were eager to exchange danger and exposure for the enjoyment of their gains. Soon the numbers left with King James's standard did not amount to much more than forty thousand, a terrible falling away from the original overwhelming power of the northern army. In a certain sense, however, the reduction of the army was not to be regretted. Those who went were the least zealous, the least warlike, the least fit to support further trials, and their absence must have relieved the famine pressure. Those who remained were the lords and gentlemen, with their immediate following, who were prevented by honor from forsaking their duty, the flower of Scotland's warriors, who, even in the strength that was left, would certainly equal in number any army that was likely to be assembled against them.

It has been said that Henry VIII., when he sailed from England on his

French expedition, left the Earl of Surrey as lieutenant-governor of his kingdom, and all the measures for its defence against aggression were, if necessary, to be concocted and carried out by him. The task could not have been placed in nobler or more able hands. Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, had, during a long career, distinguished himself in war and diplomacy, and, in troubled times, had not been less illustrious for his keen sense of honor and loyalty, his justice, and his sympathy with the oppressed people. He was knighted for his remarkable courage at the battle of Barnet, and was made a knight of the garter by Richard III. Taken prisoner at the battle of Bosworth and committed to the Tower, he was asked by Henry VII. "how he durst bear arms in behalf of that tyrant Richard?" To which he made reply, "He was my crowned king, and if the Parliament of England set the crown upon a stock, I will fight for that stock; and as I fought then for him, I will fight for you when you are established by the same authority." In the rebellion by the Earl of Lincoln, the lieutenant of the Tower offered Surrey the keys of the Tower in order to set himself at liberty, but he refused, saying "that he would not be delivered by any power but by that which had committed him." He was subsequently released, taken into favor, and his estates were restored. In 1497 he commanded the army which marched into Scotland and took Ayton Castle. In 1502, being then lord high treasurer, he led the brilliant company of English nobles and ladies which accompanied Princess Margaret to Scotland when she was wedded to James IV. In 1507 he was ambassador to the king of France. On the accession of Henry VIII. he was made earl marshal for life, and he was in 1511 one of the commissioners at the court of Aragon. Henry VIII. might well say, when he heard that the Scots were preparing to invade England, "that he had left a nobleman who would defend his subjects from insults."

We have seen how, as soon as war threatened, Surrey dispatched Sir William Bulmer to watch the border, and how vigorously and successfully that leader acted in shattering the first force that raided into his country. But the call also went out through the length and breadth of England to assemble in arms for defence. Large as was the force already in the field across the seas under the king, there was no difficulty in making full and sufficient answer to the appeal. The heart of the people was stirred, and all ranks hastened to take part in the patriotic movement. The sturdy middle classes were as forward as knight or noble in the hour of their country's danger, probably much influenced by the popular character of the general under whom they were to serve. John Winchcombe, the clothier of Newbury in Berkshire, commonly called "Jack of Newbury," marched with a hundred men, all armed, clothed, and equipped at his own expense, and in doing so, anticipated the national feeling of some great traders in our modern towns, who insist that their employes shall be volunteers, and if need arose, could each send a complete company into the field from their own establishments.

The trysting-places were Newcastle and Durham, spots sufficiently far withdrawn from the border to allow the army to concentrate and organize without much risk of hostile interference, and thither moved the contingents furnished by the various counties and the followings which each noble and leader of distinction could rally under his banner. Sir Edward Stanley, the fifth son of Thomas Earl of Derby, led the men of Cheshire and Lancashire. Lord Dacre, the English warden of the marches, came at the head of his border riders, and was placed in command of the army's cavalry, which formed a separate division of about two thousand lances. Sir Nicholas Appleyard, master of the ordnance, was in charge of the artillery. Lords Clifford, Tumeny, Latimer, Conyers, Scroope, Percy, Sir Marmaduke Constable, and a long list

of noble names appear on the roll of captains who presented themselves, and by the first of September the army had reached to a strength of over thirty thousand men. In the story of the assembly there is a curious commentary on the uncertainty which each leader of that period had as to the force which he would command, and the lieutenants on whose assistance he could reckon. When Sir Edward Stanley was marching over Stanmore he met the troops of Sir Bryan Tunstall, who, he appears to have hoped, would serve under the Derby banner. But Tunstall, an independent landowner, preferred to join the Howards, and passed Stanley without saluting.

The Earl of Surrey pushed on northwards. In passing through Durham he received from Bishop Ruthal the sacred banner of St. Cuthbert, in which was incorporated the cloth wherewith the saint covered the chalice when he said mass, and the military power of the bishopric served under this holy relic, which was borne aloft by Sir John Foster. At Newcastle he gathered the force collected there and moved them to Bolton, a small hamlet about five miles west of Alnwick. He had expected to complete his concentration by the third of September, but the long-continued rainfall made the ways so "foul and miry" that marching was much impeded, and it was two days later before he was able definitely to commence military operations. The most important addition to his army that he received at Bolton was five thousand men under his own son, Thomas Howard, lord high admiral of England, who had been sent from the English army in France, and, landing at the mouth of the Tyne, had been able to come into line on Sunday the 4th. These soldiers, unlike the new levies, were more or less trained and experienced, and would give an element of stiffness and solidity to what, with all its good-will and enthusiasm, must have been during its first movements rather a loosely connected mass of armed men.

Immediately on the arrival of the

admiral, the Earl of Surrey "appoynted his battayles in order, with wynges and with ryders necessarie." His advanced or right wing was placed under the command of the admiral, who had with him Sir Nicholas Appleyard and all the artillery. This wing was again divided into two separate bodies, one under Sir Edmonde Howard, another son of Surrey's, and the other under Sir Marmaduke Constable, to whom, besides his own proper dependants, was attached a portion of the Lancashire contingent, one thousand strong.

The right wing was further strengthened by the support of Lord Dacre's cavalry. As this part of the army were natives of the border, they were presumably to be made use of as guides and scouts, as well as for shock purposes on the day of battle. The command of the main body, or centre of the army, Surrey reserved to himself; and the rear or left wing was composed of the Cheshire men and the remainder of the Lancashire contingent under Sir Edward Stanley. In this disposition of his army the Earl of Surrey was possibly as much influenced by family jealousy as by sound judgment. Sir Edward Stanley had craved the command of the vanguard, but the houses of Howard and Stanley were rivals, and Surrey could not place Sir Edward in a position where he might have the opportunity of greatest distinction. There is no doubt, however, that Lord Thomas Howard commanded the most reliable division of the army, and that his men, with him necessarily at their head, were properly put where the stress of action was likely to fall.

The days of chivalrous customs were not yet entirely passed, and the Earl of Surrey, as a wise general, invoked their aid when it suited his purpose. He probably realized that the king of Scotland had already lost the advantage of the initiative, and that, instead of being the attacker, he must now stand upon the defensive. It was more than likely that the northern army might establish itself in some strong position whence it could not be expelled, and against which the available English force would

be inadequate and would be expended in vain. He knew James's romantic disposition, and, by working on it, he trusted to induce him to give battle by tourney rules rather than on the principles of sound leadership. He therefore sent a herald to the Scottish headquarters conveying a long message, of which the chief purport was a challenge to James "to trye the rightfulness of the matter in battail by Friday next commynge, at the farthest, yf he of hys noble courage wyl geve him tarienge." Lord Thomas Howard added a message of his own that, having in vain sought the Scottish fleet by sea, he was now ready to assert the justice of Andrew Barton's fate in the van of the English army. Nor did these defiances and provocations fail in their intended effect, for the king accepted the challenge, and, in many details of his after actions, showed how he had been influenced by his wily adversary. Some of his peers remonstrated with him, particularly the Earl of Angus, whose great age and long military experience should have given weight to his word; but James only answered, "Angus, if you are afraid, you may go home." The aged earl could not brook the affront, and left the field with tears of indignation. He left his two sons and his followers in the field, however, to await the issue.

It is said that Lady Heron had passed, under a safe conduct from James, to the Earl of Surrey on a secret diplomatic mission, with the view of obtaining the release of Johnstone and Alexander Home, then prisoners in England; and that she gave full information to the English general of the strength, position, and resources of the Scottish army. This may have been the case, but such a source of knowledge must have been superfluous, as Lord Dacre's border men could not fail to be able to tell of all important movements in the Scottish camp.

Hot-headed and rash as James IV. was, he yet yielded to the warnings of his peers and the dictates of common prudence sufficiently to quit the camp

on the low, open ground which he was occupying, and to seek a position for his army which presented some capability of defence. He found it on Flodden Hill. This height is the last and lowest of those spurs of Cheviot which extend themselves on the north-east and trend down towards the level grounds by the Tweed side. South of Flodden Hill lies the extensive, slightly undulating Millfield Plain, which is bounded on the west by other spurs of Cheviot, and on the south and east by rising ground, at the foot of which flows the slow and winding Till. It is nowhere recorded whether the selection of a defensive line was made by James himself or by a subordinate leader, but, whoever it was, he could not have done better under the circumstances. In order to make a direct attack upon it the English army, moving from the southward, would have to cross the Millfield Plain, on every part of which it would be in full view of the Scots, who would be able to deploy their line along the long, level crest, from whose height the ground sloped rapidly to a hollow stretch of marshy land. On the left it was protected by the course of the Till, and it could not be turned on the right except by a long and dangerous flank movement. It presented the defect that, if it was carried by the enemy, the defending force must retreat four miles across the open ground to the northward and would then have to cross the Till or Tweed, perhaps both. The strength of the position was, however, so great that the contingency of flight might reasonably be put out of consideration. Flodden Hill is now covered with woodland and it is impossible to realize exactly how it presented itself when it was only a wild, heath-clad summit. Local tradition and some records tell that the Scots added to its natural defensive strength by constructing earthworks. It is possible that they did so, but as they only occupied the position for, at most, three days these cannot have been considerable, and all trace of them is obliterated. What is most probable is that Flodden Hill was held

ready to be occupied as soon as the English army made a threatening appearance, but that, for shelter's sake and the convenience of water, the great mass of the Scots bivouacked half a mile to the northward in the hollow between Flodden Hill and Branston Ridge. A farmhouse in the hollow is still called "Campie" farm, and this fact may be held to give color to our supposition. A legend has been preserved of an interesting event that occurred while James occupied Flodden awaiting the English attack, and cannot be better told than in the words of a note attached to Leyden's ode. "Under the vigorous administration of James IV., the young Earl of Caithness had incurred the penalty of outlawry and forfeiture for revenging an ancient feud. On the evening preceding the battle of Flodden, accompanied by three hundred young warriors arrayed in green, he presented himself before the king and submitted to his mercy. This mark of attachment was so agreeable to the warlike prince that he granted an immunity to the earl and his followers. The parchment, on which this immunity was inscribed, is said to be still preserved in the archives of the Earls of Caithness, and is marked with drum strings, having been cut out of a drum-head as no other parchment could be found in the army. The earl and his gallant band perished to a man in the battle of Flodden; since which period it has been reckoned unlucky in Caithness to wear green or cross the Ord on a Monday, the day of the week on which the chieftain advanced into Sutherland."

On Tuesday, the 6th September, the Earl of Surrey, having concentrated and organized his army, marched from Bolton and encamped at Wooler Haugh, about five miles from Flodden. When he was there he became aware of the strong position occupied by King James, and recognized the impossibility of making a direct attack upon it with any hope of success. Again he tried to play upon the king's foibles by dispatching to him a herald, recalling his acceptance of the first

challenge, pointing out that the Scots were now in a post like a fortress, and challenging him to abandon his heights and try the fortune of war on the open Millfield Plain the following day, between the hours of twelve and three. Even King James's imprudence was not sufficiently great to induce him to give ear to such a proposition, and he refused to receive the herald. Surrey's army had no sufficient supply of provisions to enable him to carry out prolonged operations, the country was barren and devastated, and it became a necessity for him to attempt some decisive measure. It seems probable that, in the course which he adopted, he acted under the suggestion and guidance of a well-known border warrior, the bastard Heron. This Heron had been outlawed for his share in the murder of Sir Robert Ker, of Cessford, and, by his wife and his servants it had been given out that he had died two years earlier of the pestilence. Under promise of immunity for various offences he now reappeared and placed his services at Surrey's disposal. Whether he suggested the subsequent manoeuvres of the English army or not the Earl of Surrey none the less showed the highest military capacity in sanctioning them and in carrying them out. On the 8th he broke up his encampment at Wooler Haugh, and, placing the Till between himself and his enemy, marched through the rugged grounds on its east bank, past Doddington to Barmoor Wood, about two or three miles from the east flank of the position on Flodden Hill. The movement from Wooler Haugh was, no doubt, immediately known to the Scottish army, but thereafter the line of the English march was entirely concealed by a range of hills. The Scottish scouts, if any were systematically employed, lost touch of Surrey, who was probably able to check them by his superior force of cavalry. The first indication of the direction taken by the hostile columns afforded to James was the appearance of a reconnoitring party, with which was Lord Thomas Howard, on an eminence to

the east near Ford. A Scottish battery which had been established on the east end of Flodden Hill fired a few rounds at this reconnaissance, but the shot fell harmless. Even if James realized on the evening of the 8th that the English were within two miles of him, he was then powerless to attack. Surrey's army was covered by Barmoor Wood and by the deep, sullen Till, across which there was only one available bridge at Ford and several fords which he had every reason to believe would be watched and stoutly defended. All that he could know for certain was that the English march pointed towards Berwick, that his original line of defence was turned, and one of his lines of retreat was threatened.

On the morning of the 9th Surrey's movement was continued, and as the columns issued from the shelter of the high ground, which had hitherto concealed them, it was soon evident to the Scottish leaders that the van was pointing for Twisel bridge, and that masses of troops were on the move towards the places where the Till was fordable between the castles of Etall and Ford. There was then no doubt that Surrey contemplated the bold manoeuvre of forming his line of battle on comparatively level ground north of Flodden Hill and attacking the original rear of the Scottish position.

Even so it was — from Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmoor Wood, their evening post,
And heedful watched them as they cross'd
The Till by Twisel bridge.
High sight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile;
Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,
Troop after troop are disappearing;
Troop after troop their banners rearing
Upon the eastern bank you see,
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till,
And rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill.

As a matter of fact, Surrey's movements were these. His vanguard, with his artillery, under Lord Thomas Howard, the admiral, assisted by his brother Sir Edmond Howard, and Sir Marmaduke Constable, moved to Twisel bridge while he, with the remainder of his army, pushed straight for the fords across the Till. The force was intended to, and did, concentrate and deploy near the village of Brankton. When it was finally marshalled in array, it preserved the dispositions which had been made at Bolton. On the right was the admiral with Sir Nicholas Appleyard and the artillery. The guns, on their rude carriages drawn by oxen, could not have moved far from the road between Twisel bridge and Cornhill, and must have taken up the first available position. The Earl of Surrey himself commanded the centre, assisted by Sir Philip Tilney, Lord Scrope, and other nobles, while on the left was a large force of horse and foot, the greater part of the Cheshire contingent, under Sir Edward Stanley, assisted by Sir William Molyneux and Sir Henry Kickle. In rear of the centre was the reserve of cavalry under Lord Dacre. The whole front of the English line covered about two miles, but Lord Thomas Howard's force on the right was separated from the remainder by a small elevation, called in history the "Pipers' Hill." As soon as the movement of the English was developed, and the Scottish monarch saw that they were crossing the Till, he hurriedly began to draw up his army to meet the new form of danger. The prepared and fortified position on Flodden Hill was necessarily abandoned, and another line of defence, nearly parallel to the first, but facing in an almost diametrically opposite direction, was taken up. Whatever military faults James may have committed in the course of the campaign—and they were many—no one can deny that he and his generals had their men well in hand. It was no small feat, when confronted with an unexpected emergency, to be able to rise superior to it at once, to give up a

long-thought-out plan of action, to adopt a new one, and to get more than forty thousand men smoothly and quickly into a position previously unconsidered and unreconnoitred. The position on which the Scots were now formed is the height now known as Brankton Ridge. Very little lower than Flodden Hill, the slope which its side presents to the north—the direction from which the attack came—is not so steep as that which Flodden presents to the south. Still it is very commanding ground, and, if James had shown as much judgment in the tactical use which he made of it as he did in selecting it for occupation, the result of the day might have been very different for the fortunes of his kingdom.

On the extreme left of the Scottish line, on a slope of the ridge facing towards Coldstream, were formed Huntly's Highlanders and the Borderers under Lord Home. On their right, facing north, were the troops under Crawford and Montrose. In the centre was the king himself, with many of his nobles and men of the best and bravest blood of Scotland. The right wing was on the eastern end of the ridge under Lennox and Argyll. Here the ground, then naked but now thickly wooded, slopes in a steep declivity to a vale beneath, which still bears the name "Bloody Dell." A strong reserve under Bothwell was formed on the right rear of the line. The exact position of the artillery, consisting of seventeen pieces, including the "seven sisters," is not known. Some guns we know were in battery facing towards Ford bridge, and these possibly could not be joined to the remainder, which it is probable that Robert Borthwick, the master gunner, kept united under his own command.

Near to the highest point of the heights on which the Scots manoeuvred is a natural rock, still called "The King's Chair," and tradition points to it as having been the spot occupied by King James previous to the battle, from which he watched the advance of the English and the movements of his

own army, and where he gave his orders. It is, indeed, the most convenient post to which a commander-in-chief would naturally betake himself for such purpose. James has been greatly blamed, and very justly, for allowing Surrey to effect the difficult passage of the Till without hindrance. He directed no attack upon the English columns while for a long time they were necessarily helpless, moving on narrow fronts, unable to give to each other any support, and very probably open to destruction in detail. Indeed, it is recorded that his master gunner vainly implored him to permit the artillery to be fired at the bridge, on which the guns were already directed, and that the king said, "I am determined that I will have them all before me on a plain field, and see what they can do all before me." But if James was to blame, Surrey equally is to be criticised for undertaking an extremely dangerous operation, unless he had fair grounds for supposing that it would not be interfered with. And this was very likely the case. We may fairly believe that there was a tacit understanding between the two generals, conveyed by some secret agent, possibly Lady Heron, that the terms of the challenge given and accepted were to be so far adhered to that, though the Scots would not relinquish all vantage ground, they would not prevent the English from forming in fair line of battle.

As the two armies were finally formed, Lord Thomas Howard was opposite Huntly and Home, Crawford and Montrose; the Earl of Surrey faced the king and Sir Edward Stanley, Lennox, and Argyll. All the Scots were prepared to fight on foot, and even the king himself had parted with his horse. Hollingshed says that this was done so that, the danger being equal to all and means of flight being taken away, all "might be more willing to show their manhood, as their safety only rested in the edges and points of their weapons." It is more probable, however, that James followed the well-known tactics of Bruce at Bannockburn

in opposing the stern and steady close formation of Scottish spearmen to the onslaught of a force possessed of cavalry superior in numbers and quality to any that he could bring against it.

The battle began between three and four in the afternoon by a discharge of the English artillery, which seems to have been very effective, and to have done great execution in the Scottish ranks. One of those who fell was Robert Borthwick, the master gunner, and to his death it may be attributed that the subsequent fire of the Scottish guns was nearly harmless. Loading being then a slow process, it is not likely that the artillery on either side took any further part in the action. The general attack of the English appears to have commenced on their right, where Sir Bryan Tunstall and Sir Edmond Howard, in an advance up the opposing slope, were encountered by the fierce charge of Lord Home's Borderers and the Earl of Huntly's Highlanders. These descended the hill with shout and slogan cry. The highland broadsword and the long border spear hurled back the attack, which English gallantry renewed time after time. Sir Edmond Howard was felled to the ground, Tunstall was slain, and the victorious Scots drove the English right fleeing before them. The time of action for Dacre's cavalry had come. They had been formed under cover of some undulating ground, and now, in serried ranks, they swept to the front down a slight slope and crashed on the Scottish left. Huntly and Home were checked, but were able to hold their ground, retaining numerous prisoners. Meantime, Crawford and Montrose had also moved down the slope and engaged the Admiral Lord Thomas Howard, but, after a stern struggle, the Scottish leaders were both slain and the admiral remained master of his portion of the field. King James, who saw the whole of his left strenuously fighting, now imprudently left his strong central position to meet the Earl of Surrey. If he had stood fast, all the might of England then in the field could not have dislodged him, and Flodden might

have been another Bannockburn. But his chivalrous ardor carried him away, and, drawing Bothwell's reserve with him, he threw himself into the heart of the battle. For a time it seemed as if the Scots would be conquerors in the hand to hand struggle and drive their enemies backwards into the Till. Their left was successful, and occupied the whole attention of Dacre. Though Montrose and Crawford were no more, their followers still made head against the admiral, and the king with his choicest soldiery was pressing hard upon Surrey and England's centre. But disaster had fallen upon the Scottish right. Sir Edward Stanley, with the archers of Cheshire and Lancashire, did terrible execution among the Highlanders and Islesmen of Lennox and Argyll. Impatient under the galling flight of arrows, deaf to the commands and entreaties of their chiefs and De la Motte and other experienced French officers who were with them, the wild and undisciplined clans rushed down the hill and engaged the billmen, who, under cover of the archers' arrows, were advancing. A few moments' patience and the deadly shower would necessarily have ceased; the English infantry, breathless with the steep ascent, might easily have been hurled back, and the result would have been very different. The advantage of ground was however lost, and the billmen, though staggered and shaken by the fierce charge, closed their ranks and fell upon the Highlanders in front and flank. Stubbornly as they fought, the men of Lennox and Argyll perforce gave way. The chiefs fell at the head of their clans, and the Scottish right was shattered and swept from the field, not again to be rallied.

Sir Edward Stanley pursued his advantage. He had cut his way to the top of the Brankton ridge, from which he could see the progress of the fight on the English centre and right, the masses of men surging round the Pipers' Hill, and the fluttering of pennons of well-known leaders, which, as they advanced or retired, showed the dubious fortunes of the day. His mind

was quickly made up. He had still with him about ten thousand of the Cheshire and Lancashire men, and with them, passing hastily over the position where the royal flag of Scotland had been displayed at the commencement of the battle, he swooped with all his force upon the rear of King James. About the same time the admiral succeeded in driving his immediate enemies before him, and, turning to his left, fell upon King James's flank. The Scottish monarch was now completely surrounded, but there was no craven quailing or thought of retreat. The ground became poached with the trampling of the struggle and slippery with the blood of the combatants; the Scots took off their boots and fought in their hose. Their long spears were broken; they renewed the strife hand to hand with their swords. As each man fell, the ranks closed and showed an unbroken, impenetrable front. While the gallant king lived, the issue was still doubtful. Inspired by his presence and example, all his followers fought with cool, disciplined, and determined desperation, and, while the English bill did its work of death, the Scottish spear and broadsword returned deadly blow for blow.

James of Scotland at last fell, fighting gallantly, surrounded by the noblest of his kingdom's sons, and, where the monarch and his warrior court had stood, there was only left a ghastly pile of slain. The shades of night fell upon Scotland's sorrow and disaster. The shattered remains of her army withdrew, unpursued, before the following morning. Destroyed as a fighting body, but unconquered, they had yielded no foot of ground before the English, and it was not till the 10th September that Surrey knew the fight would not be continued. When valor so great, loyalty so true, and self-devotion so unsparing were shown by the hapless king and the generous peers who disdained to survive their sovereign and their comrades, it is an ungracious task to criticise their military conduct. Still, it cannot but be held as almost

certain that, if the Scottish divisions had stood firm on the strong position which they occupied, instead of charging rashly and blindly against their assailants, nothing that the Earl of Surrey could do would have shaken them, and their land would not have had to lament the most crushing loss it ever sustained. The only Scottish leader against whom a charge of lukewarmness in the action has been made is Lord Home, but this is entirely unsupported by any facts, though it is referred to in the old ballad the "Souten of Selkirk." It rather appears that Lord Home's division was exceptionally well commanded. It was completely successful at the beginning of the battle, and was only checked by the timely action of Lord Dacre's cavalry. Moreover, as we hear nothing further of this formidable body of horsemen after their first charge, we may reasonably suppose that they were neutralized by the continuously firm, unbroken, and threatening attitude of Lord Home's Borderers, until the general conflict was practically decided. The death-roll of the Scottish army, too, by the number of Homes among victims of the day, showed that the great border family and its chief had done their duty nobly and unflinchingly.

James IV. is said to have met his death near where Brankton Vicarage now stands, to the east of Pipers' Hill, a very possible spot. The small old thirteenth-century Church of Brankton, with its stumpy pointed spire, is probably the only neighboring building which existed at the time of the great battle, and round its grey walls the struggle must have raged its fiercest. The body of the king was recognized among the slain by Lord Dacre, who knew him well, and by Sir William Scott and Sir John Forman, who were among the few captains of noble birth. Its final destination was a blot on the character for generosity of Henry VIII. In spite of the earnest appeal by Leo X., made in a letter still preserved, that permission should be given for the interment of his dead foe in St. Paul's Cathedral, Henry inflexibly refused,

and there is every reason to believe that the following account, written by Stowe, is substantially true:—

"After the battle, the bodie of the same king, being found, was closed in lead and conveyed from thence to London, and to the monasterie of Sheyne in Surry, where it remained for a time, in what order I am not certaine; but, since the dissolution of that house, in the reygne of Edward the Sixt, Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolke, being lodged and keeping house there, I have been shewed the same bodie so lapped in lead, close to the head and bodie, throwne into a waste room, among the old timber, lead, and other rubble. Since the which time, workmen there, for their foolish pleasure, hewed off his head; and Lancelot Young, master glazier to Queen Elizabeth, feelinge a sweet savour to come from thence, and rising this same dried from all moisture, and yet the form remaining with the haire of the head and beard red, brought it to London to his house in Wood Street, where for a time he kept it for its sweetness, but in the end caused the sexton of that church [St. Michael's, Wood Street] to bury it among other bones taken out of their charnell."

The actual strength of each army in the field is uncertain. We have seen how the Scottish force dwindled from its original great strength during the fatal delays on the borders, and it is probable that King James did not muster more than forty-five thousand men on Brankton ridge, while Surrey's army was somewhat superior in numbers. From all accounts we may gather that, besides the wounded who could leave the field, at least ten thousand Scots were left dead around their dead king. There is no Scottish family of eminence which does not number one of its ancestors as killed at Flodden. Besides the king and the French ambassador De la Motte, there perished Alexander Stewart, Archbishop of St. Andrews, George Hepburn, Bishop of the Isles, William Bunch, Abbot of Kilwinning, Laurence Oliphant, Abbot of Inchaffray, Earls of Crawford, Len-

nox, Erroll, Martin, Argyll, Montrose, Cassilis, Bothwell, Rothes, Caithness, Glencairn, besides thirteen barons and five eldest sons of peers. The gentlemen of noble birth and chiefs of families numbered fifty. Two hundred of the Douglas name lay on the field. The English loss was between five and six thousand, but few men of note were among the slain. Their leaders, perhaps rightly, having regard to the due exercise of their proper duties, had not joined in the *melée* as did the Scottish nobility, but had left the stress of fighting to the yeomen, upon whom fell the loss as they gained the glory.

The Earl of Surrey, contented with his success, did not advance into Scotland, but almost immediately discharged his army to their homes. Queen Margaret became regent of Scotland, and, though a state of hostilities between the two kingdoms continued for some time, no further great military operations were undertaken.

Sorely as the northern nobility had been smitten, the losses of the humbler classes in the battle by Tweedside spread lamentation and mourning through the length and breadth of Scotland, and overshadowed the national loss of king and feudal chiefs.

Dool and wae for the order, went our lads to the border,

The English, for ance, by guile wan the day ;

The flowers of the forest, that fought aye the foremost,

The pride of our land are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting, at the ewes milking ;

Women and bairns are heartless and wae ;

Sighing and moaning on ilke green loaning —

The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

From Temple Bar.

A MAN OF PROMISE.

IV.

AFTER that day their conversations became long and frequent. Elliot

again made the experiment of trying to live in the life of his son, and, it seemed outwardly, with success. Jack found him apparently strongly sympathetic, no longer ambitious for himself, but ambitious for the younger generation, as the best among the old learn to be when they have laid down their weapons and retired from the battle. Elliot even went so far as to formally make over his writing-room to his son, who worked there almost every day with a passionate eagerness. The father was fighting strenuously with himself, and all he did at this time was done deliberately in the teeth of his real inclination. For he confessed to himself that he hated the labor which was not his own, the creation that did not spring from his own brain. And the hatred grew within him despite his effort against it. He realized thoroughly for the first time in his life a strange powerlessness against an internal foe that beset him. This debasing jealousy of his son increased steadily, stealthily day by day, until it was ever present and began to catch his fatherly affection by the throat as if to strangle it.

While Jack was shut up writing, Elliot was possessed by a dreadful restlessness. He found it difficult and almost impossible to fix his mind upon anything, or even to continue in any attitude of body. If he sat down and took up a book, he could not read — he could not remain quiet. He found himself trying to follow his son's progress in the next room — trying to think himself into his son's mind, to feel his excitement, his alternations of hope and despair, even his enervation and fatigue at the close of the wearying task. He was living in another's life, but with agony, almost with fury, for he was only an onlooker after all, a spectator of the strife which it had been his great joy to partake in. The pen wrote, but his hand did not hold it, and it wrote down the thoughts of another in the language of another.

Did it write better now than when he held it ?

That was a question that he contin-

ually asked himself, and not with the hope that would have been natural and beautiful, but with a dread that was horrible and debasing.

Was his son surpassing him in each of these long hours of effort? Was he building up an edifice that would endure?

Elliot never forgot the day on which he flatly acknowledged to himself that he hoped not, for on that day he crossed a rubicon and deserted his better self upon the farther shore. The rags of self-deception fell from him finally, and left him naked. He shivered with the cold. Then a strange impulse seized him. He got up from his armchair, walked over to the mantelpiece, and stared into the mirror that surmounted it. Surely there must be a definite change in his face, come with the change in his nature. Surely there must be a line about the eyes, a curve by the mouth, a contraction in the forehead, something to outwardly mark the internal cancer that had now been diagnosed and called by its name. He examined his reflection long and minutely, but all he could notice in it was that it looked startlingly old with a sad and dreary elderliness. Failure seemed to be legibly written upon it—failure that corrodes the soul and corrupts the heart. Yes, his face revealed the sordidness of failure rather than failure's lonely tragedy. He had confessed to his son that first evening. It had not been necessary—his face confessed even when his lips were silent. His face confessed all. After that day he never looked into the glass again—he was afraid.

Jack was so immersed in the labor of creating that he was far less observant than usual at that time. Concentration rendered him short-sighted and careless when he looked at things that did not concern his creation. When he was with his father he ceased to watch him, he failed to pounce upon gradations of manner, shades of temper, little revelations of conduct, and to analyze them as he would have analyzed them when he first came home. Therefore he did not even see what his

father had seen in the mirror, much less that which no shining sheet of glass revealed. And once having taken Elliot into his confidence, he fell into a habit of eager frankness, and told his story day by day as he made it. Not one inch did it grow without the elder man's knowledge, not one subtlety sprang up in it that he was not called to comment upon. Each evening the son read aloud the pages he had written during the day, and each night Elliot lay awake trying to judge them, to form a correct idea of their merit. Was this work better than any he had done? Would it grip the public? Would it? Would it? He seldom slept much, and his face grew more lined and weary as the agony of his mind increased. Sometimes it seemed to him that each page his son completed drew one more drop of energy, of capability out of his own mind, and that as the youth gathered strength with flight, he failed more and more certainly. The growing book was like a vampire sucking out his life-blood. One night a new and horrible thought came to him. If Jack won a real and lasting success, how it would accentuate and draw attention to his own reiterated failure! He had never considered the matter in precisely this light before, and now he began to dwell morbidly upon it, and to turn it ceaselessly over and over in his mind. He had resolved that the critics should never have another chance of discussing him. His own son would give them the chance. Already he saw reviews in all the papers lauding Jack to the skies, and referring to him with the scarcely veiled pity that suggests so much contempt. His son, in springing up the ladder, would, of necessity almost, spurn him to the ground. Unless the book were published anonymously, or a pseudonym were adopted.

"Jack," he said one evening, "if you publish your book, what name shall you take?"

"I shall stick to my own, pater," said his son.

"But it is the same as mine!"

"Ah, so it is. Would that injure you? Do you intend to write any more?"

"Never! Still the critics would naturally assume that the book was mine if it was issued under my name."

"Yes. Then I suppose I must add, Junior—John Elliot, Junior. Would it look very bad on a title page? If I ever do anything I should like to own it. Even if the 'gentlemen of the press' fall upon me, let them know whom they are attacking."

"John Elliot, Junior, let it be then!" said his father, thinking silently to himself, "How inevitably such a name will suggest comparison. Not a paper will avoid some reference to me."

Nevertheless he did not attempt to dissuade his son from his decision. The younger generation seemed beyond his power to control. He could only sit still and wait for the march of events.

And so he waited until at last the book was finished. John Elliot never forgot that day through all the years of his after life.

It was summer time now, late summer time. August was waning, was drooping in a languid dream of lustrous weather. The world was a world of blue and gold, for the cloudless skies and the myriads of sunbeams seemed to color all nature, to lay a spell upon the green leafage of talking woods, the grey rocks of mountains, the fluffy white foam of musical waterfalls, the flaxen tresses of whispering corn lands. There was a voice of dreams in the soft and languid airs, and a fantasy in the delicate and cloudless twilights. Day sank into night imperceptibly, glided from night breathlessly, as a graceful lady fades from consciousness to slumber, steals from slumber to serene consciousness, without effort and without awkwardness. Even the flight of birds, above the trees or near the flowers, seemed subdued, languorous, unalert, an activity that was picturesque rather than an activity that was purposeful, a movement giving the necessary gentle touch of contrast to

the general sense of rest. The house in Eaton Square was shut up, and John Elliot and his son had hidden themselves in a low white cottage that stood on the summit of a green slope, at whose foot a small lake spread away into the dancing haze created by the sun's heat. There they possessed silence, beauty, and a little boat, in which at evening they made expeditions round the reedy shores, from which they watched the sunsets and greeted the coming of the night. No visitors disturbed their solitude. No social duties interfered with their enjoyment of the season. They lived alone together.

And there, in that white cottage, the book begun in winter was completed in summer.

One afternoon John Elliot was sitting on a green bench before the bow window of the cottage, smoking and watching idly the slow movements of the cattle in the meadow by the lake, when he heard the sound of a pen dashed down on the table in the room behind him, with a deep, long sigh. Then, after a silence, a chair was pushed back with a certain heavy deliberation that suggested the final uprising of some one from a long and finished task.

Elliot did not turn his head. He went on smoking evenly and with apparent enjoyment; but his eyes no longer watched the munching cattle—they stared into vacancy with a strange expression of suspense, and two deep lines appeared in his forehead as he drew down his brows painfully. He understood that at last he would have to face his own nature fully and fairly. The hour of battle was at hand. A step sounded on the little loose grey stones of the sickle-shaped path, and Jack joined him in silence, took a cigarette from a case, struck a match with a slightly tremulous hand, lit it, and sat down beside him. No word was spoken for several minutes. Elliot stealing a glance at his son, saw that his face was deeply flushed, and that his eyes shone with excitement and an emotion that he was endeavor-

ing to quiet and to subdue. He had a curious, indefinable air of having reached a crisis in his life, a crisis that stirred him to intense exaltation of feeling, and rendered him strongly, if mutely, at variance with the tired summer world that lay around him, with the lethargic lake and the sleepy meadows. Elliot knew well what that crisis was ; but at first he did not speak, for he too was face to face with a crisis of a different kind, and he knew he should have to put forth all his self-control to hide from his son his real feelings at this strange moment.

The book was finished and Jack had come to tell him so.

The cursed book was finished.

Elliot set his teeth and thrust his hands deep into his pockets, where he clenched them tensely till his finger nails ran into the palms. He stretched his legs out before him. This stiffening of all his muscles seemed in some curious way, that he could not explain, to relieve him.

Then he waited for Jack to speak. At last his son said, with a drawing in of the breath, —

"It's done, pater, as well as I can do it."

"I knew that by the way you pushed your chair back," answered Elliot. "It sounded as if you never intended to sit down again at that table, or any other table, for the term of your natural life."

Jack laughed and grew more natural.

"Did it? Well, that's how I felt — just! And you have written — how many books? By Jove, it's a task. The most elaborate practical joking's nothing to it; and practical joking requires immense care and thought too," he added whimsically. "Let's take the boat out. I want to have a talk, and I must do something; I can't sit quite still. Shall we?"

They got up and walked down the hill to the rickety wooden landing-stage.

When they were out on the water, Jack rowing and his father leaning back on the cushions in the stern of the boat, the former said, —

"Yes, it's done, and I feel done too. I feel as if I want to forget it, to stick it into a drawer and let it lie there."

An eager look came into Elliot's face — the look a man might wear who thinks suddenly to obtain a respite from some threatening terror.

"And let it lie there?" he said interrogatively.

"Yes, isn't it absurd? I believe one really writes simply for one's own pleasure, and that one's pleasure is one's misery, and perhaps eventually the misery of the critics too. One creates, as one so often sins, merely to get rid of a hunger. I am no longer hungry, and that seems to be all I want."

"But surely you want to reap some further reward, of fame or money?"

Jack laughed and pulled hard at his oars till the boat shot across the lake, leaving a glistening wake in the sunshine.

"I can't believe I shall win fame — who can really, till it is won? Pater, I am going to ask you a favor."

"Well, Jack?"

"You know all about publishers and their doings, and they know you. Will you try and manage to get the book out for me in the best way? It's beastly selfish of me, but I don't feel as if I could have anything more to do with it. I have had my nose to the grindstone so long — oof! I want to breathe and to live, now. You'll think me mad, but I should like to go and play boy's pranks all over Grasmere to-night. I should like to frighten old women, and give hot coppers to little urchins, and stir up the wrath of the toppers at the Prince of Wales's, and do a dozen blackguard things. I'm a 'literary gent' no longer. I'm a man, and — hang it! — I feel like a boy!"

Elliot smiled at the reaction, and at the easy selfishness of youth. He forced himself to smile. There was no reaction for him. He had lost the elastic vitality of the rosy days of dawn forever.

"Will you manage about the book, pater?" Jack said, "or is it too much to ask?"

Elliot felt as if it was almost too much, though Jack did not know why. He did not answer for a moment, then he said slowly, —

"No, leave it to me; I will do my best for you."

Jack thanked him warmly, and all the evening continued to be in the wildest spirits. Next morning that brilliant walker, the hardy lake-postman, brought him a letter, which he tore open carelessly.

"Here's Bowen asking me to go for a walking tour with him in Scotland," he said, "and to stay on for the shooting as long as I like afterwards." He glanced at his father. "What's to be done, pater?"

"Why, go by all means."

"And leave you alone?"

"I will pay some visits, and see to your book."

"You're an awfully good father," Jack said earnestly and gratefully. He longed for active physical exercise, for movement, for change. The onward march of a strenuous walking tour, the perpetual variety of scenery, the companionship of some one who knew nothing of his previous labors, all these things would, combined, make up the very tonic he needed. In three days he was gone, with a knapsack, looking the very personification of rather rowdy health and activity.

He was gone, and John Elliot and the book were left alone together in the little white cottage on the brow of the green hill by the lake.

V.

THEY were companions, but enemies, the live man and the welded together words. Elliot hated the book, and he grew to have a fantastic notion that the book returned his hatred, and added to it a contempt, stinging and burning like fire. How absurd that was — the wild idea of a lonely and defeated man! But Elliot meant to act up to his promise to his son, and accordingly he eventually despatched the manuscript to a London publisher. Only he withheld the name of the author. An unconquerable impulse

caused him to do this. Of course if the book was accepted he would give the name. Till then it was not necessary to do so. It might even, he said to himself, with obvious sophistry, prejudice the publisher against it. He might be inclined to say, "What good can come from a younger Elliot?" For he had not exactly realized a fortune from the works of John Elliot, Senior. No, better to conceal the name for the present. So he merely wrote a note to the publisher saying that the work was written by a friend, and then awaited events.

Time passed on while the fate of the book hung in the balance. Elliot left the white cottage, paid some visits, and in the late autumn returned to Eaton Square. Jack was still in Scotland shooting and fishing. Occasionally he wrote and inquired if there was any news of the book, but, having once got it off his mind, with the hunger to write, the love of his literary child seemed to have left him. The book was evidently little to him now. He was full of sport, of the glory of playing a tough salmon, of the fine, bracing patience that deer-stalking demands of its votaries. As he had said, he was no longer a "literary gent." The serpent of Moses had only swallowed the rest of the serpents for a time. They were beginning to creep out again one by one, and to stretch themselves and to uncoil in the sun.

At the beginning of November Jack wrote to say that Bowen and another man meditated a sporting expedition to Africa, and were very keen on his joining them. What did his father say? He pointed out that he might combine work with pleasure by writing a book on their tour, for they intended to go rather far afield. Elliot after some consideration agreed to the plan, and in the result Jack, after a brief visit to London to get together his kit, sailed from Southampton for the Cape, before the fogs of December had fully set in. Three days after he had gone Elliot received a note from his publisher. He found it lying on the breakfast-table one dark, raw morning, when

the aspect of the square was blurred and sinister, and the gas lamps were left to flicker faintly, even though the night was supposed to have departed.

He took it up slowly and looked at it. Then he laid it down again and began his breakfast. When the footman had left the room finally, he turned from his tea, left his eggs untasted, and tore the envelope open with a hand that slightly shook. The note was as follows :—

“DEAR MR. ELLIOT, — Our reader has examined the manuscript you kindly forwarded to us, and advises us to accept it. He predicts a great success for the book. Although the name of the author is not given, you will, I am sure, forgive me for saying that I think I can supply it. There is internal evidence which convinces me it is by yourself. If I am not wrong in this supposition, allow me to congratulate you. This book will far eclipse your other successes, I feel sure, and will add enormously to your already high reputation. If you can call upon us on Friday next, we shall be glad to see you with reference to terms, etc.

“Believe me, yours faithfully,

“FREDERIC R. JAYNE.

“To the Honorable John Elliot.”

John Elliot laid the note down very quietly and continued mechanically to eat his breakfast, but he tasted nothing. If the eggs had been oysters and the tea Chablis, he would hardly have been the wiser. What he had feared was coming upon him, had almost come ; but it was a strange chance that had led the publisher to mistake the work of the son for that of the father. Evidently Jack had not been able to completely subdue the imitative faculty that is so highly developed in many clever young men ; or else Elliot himself had, in conversation, imparted to him some characteristic suggestions or modes of thought which had previously been embodied in his own novels. Elliot dwelt upon this idea, suggested by the publisher's letter, until he began to feel as if he had actually had

some definite part in the production of the book. He recalled the long and frequent conversations that had taken place between himself and Jack, the scraps of advice he had given, the suggestions he had made. Trifling as he had thought them at the time, they began to assume some importance now. After all there had been a sort of mild collaboration, unacknowledged, unconfessed on either side. Surely there had been. Yes, the more he thought about it, the greater Elliot's share in the book seemed to be. An excitement was born in him. He looked at the publisher's note again, and began to take its generous praise to himself, and to feel once more the sweet anticipations of hard-earned triumph.

But then suddenly he recollected himself, and crumpled up the note in his hand fiercely. Was he a child to be carried away in dreams like this ? He looked out into the vague darkness of the foggy square with hard, staring eyes. That thick, murky atmosphere, yellow and sinister, in which people were but fantastic shadows, and things horrible and unnatural shapes — was it not like his distorted mind ? Why did he allow, and love to allow, such monstrous thoughts to come to him ? His career was finished ; yes, finished, despite this note of praise from a deceived man. And now it was his duty to sit down and write to his publisher the truth. It was his duty to say, “My son has done this, a boy of twenty-six. I could not have done it ; I could never have done it. All my years of labor and of thought, all my climbing ambition, all my perseverance, all my prayers have never lifted me to the level of this boy, who scarcely thinks of, or cares for, what he has done.”

Elliot got up heavily and moved towards the writing-table, carrying the letter still in his hand. He walked very slowly over the thick carpet ; his head was bent down, and he moved like a man who is tired. Reaching the writing-table, he sat down mechanically in the revolving chair before it and took up a pen. But he did not

begin to write, and half an hour later, when the footman had cleared away the breakfast things, made up the fire, and shut the door after a soft-footed exit, he was still sitting with the pen in his hand, plunged in thought.

"Jack is on his way to Africa." That was the sentence, irrelevant enough, that kept persistently starting to his mind. "Jack is on his way to Africa."

At first this thought did not lead him definitely on to any other. His mind stopped just there, in a paralyzed, numbed sort of way. Then he found himself mechanically dwelling upon the great stretch of sea that lies between Southampton and the Cape. He saw the eternally rolling waters, restless and hungry for the ships. He saw the sea-birds blown by the winds along the leaping crests of the waves. He saw great storms filling deep dark nights with wild voices and wild deeds. By degrees he began to dwell with a strange fixity upon the chances of travel. Was not the bottom of the sea lined with the ribs of foundered vessels? What had that to do with a publisher's note? He tried to think, but again he saw the vague wildernesses under sea, the faint sea lights and sea shadows, the dim outlines of rocks and caves. Peering out of the window, the fog seemed to him as an opaque mass of surging water drowning a fainting world. The gas lamps stood up black, like the tapering masts of vessels. Listening, he almost fancied he could hear the liquid note of waves, thrusting themselves into the hollows and the crevices of the earth. It was so dark outside, so dim. There was no clear light of the world above the sea, and under the sea men have no more knowledge, no more recollection. They care for nothing; ambition is nothing to them. They have no rights to struggle for; they have no dreams and no desires. The chances of travel—how great and how many they were!

He dipped the pen at last into the ink and began to write with a slow and careful deliberation.

"EATON SQUARE, December 4th.

"DEAR MR. JAYNE, — Many thanks for your kind note. For the present the authorship of the book must remain a secret. But I have power to conclude terms for the author, and will call upon you on Friday morning to discuss them.

"Believe me, yours sincerely,

"J. ELLIOT."

He laid down the pen again after addressing the envelope, and looking out into the dark day he said to himself in a whisper:—

"The bottom of the sea is lined with the ribs of foundered vessels.

VI.

DURING the ensuing weeks it often seemed to John Elliot as if he were moving in some nightmare. There was a certain unreality, at once dreary and confusing, about things and people. Even when he was actually conversing with some one, or performing some definite action, he had a sense of being detached, of being a long way off. Distance seemed to separate him from all his world, and, whenever it was possible, he shut himself up and saw no one. He felt more natural when he was alone. One day a letter arrived from Jack, saying that he and his friends had landed safely at the Cape, and were starting up country almost immediately. "Any news about the book yet?" the letter ended. Elliot sat down and wrote an answer. "There is no news yet," he wrote.

The first proofs littered his table at that moment, and he had to push them aside to find room for a piece of note-paper. Yet the sentence flowed almost involuntarily from his pen, and once it was there on paper it seemed so useless to alter it. So Elliot left it, and it found its way to Africa.

And now proofs poured in, and Elliot gave himself up entirely to the task of reading and correcting them. He labored incessantly and most conscientiously for his son, but he had a curious ever-present feeling that he was laboring for himself, for himself alone. He

knew that it was not so, but he could not feel that it was not. Perhaps the sly innuendoes of his publisher had set his mind in this direction—for Mr. Jayne, proud of his discernment, persisted in his first belief that Elliot was the author of the book—perhaps his intimate knowledge of the book itself had started the idea, with which at first he loved to amuse himself, playing with it as a child plays with a toy train, setting it in motion and stopping it at will, after a few minutes given to the pleasures of imagination. However that might have been in the first instance, the idea after a while became scarcely a toy. It developed into a treasure. During long hours of toil Elliot hugged it, and allowed it to make the burden, that might have been heavy, light. In the course of his proof-reading he now and then came upon suggestions and thoughts of his embodied in the printed words, and then his face lighted up as if he met a dear acquaintance, and he thought, "This is really mine!" and his fancy seemed no longer a fancy, but a reality. The book had surely sprung into being out of those conversations with his son. We certainly give our thoughts life when we speak them for those to whom we speak them; why should it not be that we give them life that all the world may know?

Who wrote this book? Nobody. It grew of itself from the seeds of united thoughts—seeds sown by speech. Elliot loved to dwell upon this fantastic imagination, and to brush aside the remembrance of his son sitting in the bent attitude of the laborious man of letters. And by degrees that remembrance died, or nearly died, and he began to call the book, even to himself, "My book!" Jack was so far away, and so careless of what he had done. He had not merely the possibility of one life within him, but the possibility of many lives, each one for the moment engrossing and beautiful. Springing from one to the other, he revelled in the agile versatility of a various youth. But, for Elliot, there was only one life, and he had lived it

for years. Then, at a sad period, he had ruthlessly resolved to bring it to a close. He had done so determinedly, while fate perhaps laughed, thinking of the hazards of the future. Now his life renewed itself almost as a dead season of spring. Sap stole through the shrunken veins that had been sapless. A bird or two ventured on a broken twitter. And why not?

Nobody was listening but himself. If he, from sheer love of fantasy, lent ear to the music for a moment, how could it matter? It made him so much happier.

And Jack was radiantly joyous living under the open skies, plunged in a grand life of activity, in which the smallest wild animal that crept stealthily to drink from the hidden stream at nightfall had more place than all the books that were ever written.

He could have so many kinds of happiness. For Elliot there was but one.

So he let the birds twitter to him, and day by day he listened more and more eagerly, till at last his work was done. All the proofs had been carefully revised and amended. The last had been despatched to the printer. Elliot's life was empty again, and he was forced to wake from the foolish dreams in which he had lost himself for a while. A few days passed wearily, and then a note came from the publisher, asking for the disclosure of the author's identity.

"Not that it is necessary for me," Mr. Jayne wrote, "but I want your authority to give it to the public on the title-page of the book. What is the name?"

The crisis which Elliot had been dreading had come at last—a crisis in the internal struggle which had been going on within him for so long. He would have given worlds to postpone it, but that was impossible. Face to face with bare facts, all his cherished imaginings, his deliberate delusions, were swept away. What was there left for him to do but to tell the simple truth, that he had chosen to make so hard? What was there left?

He took up his pen to write the truth. He had even put down the words : —

"DEAR MR. JAYNE, —

"I think it will surprise you to learn that my son —"

when the door opened and the footman entered with a salver.

"A telegram, sir," he said.

Elliot took it, opened it, and uttered an incoherent exclamation. It was from Jack's friend, Bowen, and ran as follows : —

"Jack dangerously ill. Useless come. Writing. Fever."

The footman stood waiting impassively.

"Is there any answer, sir?" he said.

Elliot bent down and scribbled hastily : —

"Wire further news. — ELLIOT."

"Give that to the boy," he said hoarsely.

The man took the paper, went out, and shut the door softly behind him.

Elliot began to pace up and down the room, twisting his hands together. What devil was it that walked with him, and whispered thoughts to him, that the world would have cried out against in horror — thoughts that horrified himself?

He turned pale at the contemplation of his own mind in that moment. For he knew that could the telegram he had just read have been recalled, and the necessity that had occasioned its despatch be swept away from existence, he would not — as he felt then — have had it so. The chances of travel fought in favor of his demented desire. All that was good in his nature seemed to have been swallowed up by his passionate antagonism against failure. He longed at that moment for the world to believe him a success more than he longed for his son to live.

That was horrible. Jack was dangerously ill, perhaps dying, and he was glad. Had it come to that? He was glad! A feeling of relief stole over him despite an absolutely conscious effort that he made against it. His

nature was too strong for his sense of right, and rendered him what is called unnatural. He was glad.

Over and over again he read the telegram, as a man might read the reprieve which had saved him from death at the last moment. And then he sat down at his table, and looked at the note he had begun to write to his publisher. For a long time he looked at it musingly. Then he slowly tore it in two and dropped it into the waste-paper basket. Taking another sheet, he wrote as follows : —

"EATON SQUARE, February, 189—.

"DEAR MR. JAYNE, — Please put the name 'John Elliot' on the title-page of the book.

"Yours sincerely,

"JOHN ELLIOT."

He put the note into an envelope, sealed it, addressed it, and rang for the servant.

"Take this to the post at once," he said.

The man glanced at him in surprise. He did not know that his voice was strange and faltering. When the man had gone he sat down again with the telegram before him and continued mechanically to read it over and over.

VII.

ON the following day a second telegram arrived stating that the fever was severe and that a letter would follow; a letter also came from Mr. Jayne warmly congratulating Elliot on being the author of the book. "It will crown your career with honor," he said.

The smile that flitted over Elliot's face as he read the words was more tragic than any tears could have been. He was beginning to reap his reward. Long afterwards, when that year of mental tumult slept with its forerunners in the grave of the past, he asked himself if he had been mad and not known it, mad with a dreary dementia that forced him into acts without affecting his reasoning power or his outlook upon things. For he understood what he was doing. He foresaw possible

consequences. His sight was clear. There was no haze before his mind. He sinned with an extreme deliberation that shocked him as he sinned, and that yet seemed beyond his volition to control or to avoid. There was an inevitableness about his actions, as if some power had arranged the whole drama long beforehand, and was calmly carrying out a settled scheme in which it resolutely involved him. Each action followed appropriately upon the other, and was led up to, and prepared for, by a corresponding mental phase of which it was the necessary outcome. And yet surely it was all a madness, long-continued and accumulative.

Are we not driven sometimes by creatures invisible who govern us, who walk beside us, take us by the hand, lead us out into the street when we would sleep within doors, introduce us to accomplices in sin whom we desire not to know, bring us blindfold and mentally resisting to houses where the plague dwells?

Elliot often asked himself some such question in after times. But at the moment he asked himself nothing. He simply went mechanically through a series of acts which led to an end that he thought he desired, and that end was the recognition of the world — the adulation of the critics, pleased to believe their extended prophecies fulfilled — the amazement of his friends, astonished to find their settled convictions upset at the eleventh hour.

While he waited for the letter from Africa the book was prepared for publication, and Mr. Jayne went about in literary circles blazoning its merits abroad, and telling the name of the supposed author. When the letter at length arrived it gave an account of Jack's imprudence in sitting in wet clothes after fording a deep stream. Bowen said he was doing everything possible for him, but that his condition was very dangerous, and that it was best to prepare for the worst. It would be useless for his father to come out, as by the time he reached the Cape and travelled on to the place in which they were, the life or death question

would be decided one way or the other.

Elliot read the letter to the last word. What did he feel? Scarcely anything. He seemed to have passed beyond the possibility of acute sensation. Only suspense, vague suspense, was his companion. Utterly involved in a strange sequence of events, he merely waited their coming one by one, as a Stoic awaits the onward march of fate.

Before any further news arrived from Africa the book was published, and the reviews began to come in. Elliot sitting at home read them one by one. There was no longer any talk about a man of promise. Unstinted praise was measured out to the new work. Its freshness, its virility, its fearless daring were admiringly dwelt upon.

One paper said : —

"Mr. Elliot seems to have renewed his youth, and to have combined the glow and the enthusiasm that generally belong only to those beginning their career with the mature strength that comes with age."

And all this time in a far country perhaps Jack lay dying.

Elliot did not go into society at this period. His son's illness was, of course, a sufficient excuse for his retirement. But he could not keep out Mr. Jayne, and some of his old friends who came to congratulate him, and, by silently accepting their compliments, he told again the shameful lie that was already beginning to open the gates of hell to his soul. And once the lie had gone abroad, he felt that he was doomed. Whatever the event of the future, whether his son returned to reproach him or to forgive him, whether Jack lived or fell asleep in the African forest and was buried under the Southern sky in some wild spot far from the haunts of men, Elliot's fate was already sealed.

He had sinned basely. All time and all eternity could never alter that fact.

The mad wickedness of his crazy attempt to seize a triumph that was not his stared him ruthlessly in the face,

even as he stretched out his hands — but too late !

It was twilight on a spring afternoon. The air was warm with the breath of coming summer, and the windows of John Elliot's writing-room were thrown open to admit the gentle breeze. Sunset was dying out of the sky, and from the Square gardens rose the sound of children's lively voices calling to each other, heedless of the tide of mystery that flows in over the world before the falling of night.

At first sight it might have been thought that the room was empty, for darkness had begun to stealthily invade it, and the furniture and hangings were sombre, and assisted the silent work of the twilight as it extinguished one by one the lamps of day with invisible hands. Yet the room was not empty. By the writing-table, near the empty fireplace, a man was sitting alone absolutely motionless. His face was dusky pale. His eyes were wide open and stared straight before him into vacancy. The table at his side was littered with cuttings from newspapers, gummed on to pale green paper, with the name of the agency which had sent them printed in large letters at the top. They were critiques of a new book which had just appeared, and they spoke of it in terms of enthusiastic praise, crowning the author with phrases as with chaplets of laurel.

The room grew darker and darker, and still the man sat on, never moving. There was nothing restful in his attitude. He was not reposing. He did not even lean back in the hard, cushionless chair. The colors of things, painted by the light of day it seemed, faded drearily away until the pale spaces in which the windows were set looked far off and phantom-like. The sound of the children's voices ceased. They had gone to their homes.

A silence fell around the silent man. Presently it was broken upon by quick footsteps, which rang cheerfully along the pavement without. They paused a moment outside the house, and then in one of the window spaces an uneasy

tongue of flame sprang up. The ringing footsteps struck once more upon the pavement. Growing fainter and fainter in a steady diminuendo, they died away in the distance.

The man sat still, but now his widely opened eyes were fixed upon the flickering flame in the gas lamp, and expression began to steal into them slowly. His benumbed mind was waking from an unnatural passivity. His soul stirred from the lethargy of a strange slumber. He gazed and gazed at the flame until a veil fell over his eyes, and his lips moved slowly ; but at first no sound broke from them. Upon the ground at his feet lay a crumpled scrap of paper, a telegram brief and curtly worded : " Jack died this morning peacefully. Said send you love.—BOWEN."

The man's lips moved, and now repeated mechanically one word.

" Jack ! " he said. " Jack ! "

Through the gathering night the voice rose, and it was shaken and harsh, and full of an anguish that was terrifying. It sounded like the voice of one passionately calling upon an invisible presence to listen, to listen — and to forgive ; but it only reiterated that one word over and over again with an unwearying persistence while the darkness closed slowly round.

Until at last the voice failed.

There was a sudden movement in the room.

The papers on the writing-table rustled, as if hands were laid upon them, and rent them into fragments.

And then a low, long-drawn sob shuddered through the night.

ROBERT HICHENS.

From *The Gentleman's Magazine*.
THE ATTACK ON TIBET.

TIBET may be said to be at present in a state of siege, through the attempts of explorers to enter it, and the efforts of its inhabitants to keep them out. The condition of affairs is most curious and most interesting, and it affords a striking illustration of the determi-

nation of ignorance and superstition to resist the advance of progress and civilization.

Tibet stands like a vast citadel in the heart of Central Asia, with towering snow-clad mountains forming its walls on every side. On the south the gigantic Himalayan ranges separate it from India; on the north the parallel chains of the Kuenlun divide it from the deserts of Chinese Tartary; and on the east the long mountain ranges which run parallel to the upper courses of the Yang-tse-kiang and the Mekong present a vast series of mountain walls between it and China. All these mountains are covered with perpetual snow, and although they are traversed by numerous passes, these defiles are nearly all blocked by snow during the long and rigorous winter. But, difficult as these great mountains are to cross, they do not present an absolutely impassable barrier. Some of the passes leading over them are easy, and can be traversed by loaded baggage-animals, while by advancing up the valleys of the rivers it is sometimes possible to avoid the most dangerous defiles.

There are few contrasts in scenery, in the whole world, more remarkable than that which is presented to the traveller on his crossing from India into Tibet.

He is approaching, we will suppose, the mysterious Land of the Lamas through one of the States of north-eastern India. For days he toils onwards through deep valleys which are little better than chasms, and through which rush foaming torrents. Dense forests mantle all the hillsides, perpetual verdure clothes the meadows, and masses of dark pines cover the towering crags. Above all rise gigantic snowy peaks, which closely shut in the glens, and seem to hang over the valleys. The atmosphere is damp, the forests are dripping, the sky is overcast, and the confinement in the narrow glens is most oppressive. Distant view there is none, for the precipitous mountains rise like gigantic walls on every side. Slowly the traveller climbs upwards, through rocks and stones,

and beneath towering precipices; the snowy peaks appear to hang absolutely over his head, and seem as if threatening to overwhelm him by their fall, while ever and again the roar of falling avalanches is heard on every side. At last the summit is gained, and on looking to the north the traveller beholds a wonderful scene. He sees a prospect of vast extent, over which the eye wanders unobstructed for scores of miles. From the slopes of the mountains beneath him great barren uplands, dry as an Arabian wilderness, stretch away in desolate monotony, with their surfaces marked here and there by the blue lakes, which, from the height on which he stands, seem no larger than diminutive pools. The mountains are gently sloping, with rounded summits, and rise in long brown swells, the smooth-looking hills fading away in many places into great rolling uplands beyond. Far away in the distance are long purple ranges of mountains, and beyond these again—low down on the horizon—are distant snow-clad peaks. But the main characteristic of this extraordinary view is the utter sterility of the prospect. There is not a tree nor a bush nor a patch of green to be seen anywhere in it—all is brown and barren; it is a vision of a land of utter desolation. The traveller gazes on this wonderful prospect with amazement, and fancies that he beholds a region lying blasted and withered beneath a curse.

By degrees, however, he feels that the strange view has an extraordinary fascination, and that it quite enchants him. The feeling of freedom awakened by the vast panorama, when before he had been shut in amidst narrow gorges, is most refreshing and invigorating. The landscape indeed is utterly barren, but the colors of the scene are so brilliant that the eye and mind are both delighted. The bright brown and vivid red of the hills, the dark purple of the distant mountains, the pure white masses of snow on the far-off ranges, and the delightful blue of the sky above, all combine to increase the fascination produced by the prospect.

Moreover, the marvellously clear atmosphere brings out every detail of the picture with astonishing vividness and power, while the sharp and exhilarating air lends an additional enchantment to the scene. And now the traveller discerns that animal life is abundant in this apparently desolate region. True, there are no signs of *man*, for in all the vast prospect neither town, village, tent, nor any habitation of human beings can be anywhere distinguished. But great flocks of birds are winging their flight overhead, and ravens are flitting to and fro over the rocks, while the eagle is circling above in the deep blue sky. On the barren plains herds of wild asses, in great numbers, are galloping to and fro, and are wheeling and careering like squadrons of cavalry acting under military orders. Graceful antelopes are roaming over the brown uplands, their horns glittering in the brilliant sunshine. Mountain-sheep of great size, and with beautiful curved horns, are wandering over the desolate wastes, or standing on the summit of barren crags. And if the traveller will look intently he may discern the king of Tibetan animals, the wild yak. He may see these splendid creatures either collected in herds and marching slowly over the sterile uplands, or dispersed singly here and there, dotting the brown hillsides. The whistling of the marmot resounds near at hand, the call of the partridge is heard on all sides, and flocks of wild ducks are seen swimming in the pools and distant lakes. Such is the extraordinary prospect which the traveller beholds as he stands on the summit of a pass over the Himalayas, and sees the vast and barren but beautiful panorama of Tibet spread out like a brilliantly colored map before his eyes.

But Europeans are strictly forbidden to enter this strange land, and this prohibition is enforced on *all* Europeans, no matter to what nation they may belong. English, French, Germans, and Russians are all equally denied entrance into the country, and a most rigorous watch is kept at all its

borders to prevent any Europeans entering it. Should a European approach any of the passes leading into Tibet his coming is immediately made known, the Tibetans assemble in force, and he is most positively denied an entrance into the Land of the Lamas. Should the traveller cross the frontier unobserved, he is stopped at the first village and turned back; and should he enter through uninhabited wastes, he is driven back as soon as the Tibetans meet him. Everywhere it is the same; no European is permitted to enter the holy land of the Buddhists.

Let us examine how the lines of defence are drawn around the borders of the country, and how the scheme of defence is conducted by the inhabitants, so that Europeans may be immediately repelled from its borders, or driven out should they, for a brief time, succeed in making an entrance.

On the southern frontier of Tibet it is easy to keep a watch, for here the inhabited districts extend nearly to the Indian frontier. A long line of forts and military posts reaches from the upper courses of the Indus and the Sutlej to the eastern frontiers of Assam, and the commandants of these forts keep a sharp lookout for all intruders. In some places guard-houses have been built on the summit of the passes; but as these are at great elevations, the duty of stopping Europeans has been generally deputed to the inhabitants of those villages which are nearest to the Tibetan sides of the passes. As soon as a European approaches the passes, the Tibetans are acquainted with the news of his coming, for many Tibetans cross over to the Indian sides of the mountains, and remain there for many months. The wandering Tibetans spread the tidings that a European with his attendants is coming to Tibet, and the roving Tibetans keep a sharp watch. No sooner does the traveller approach the pass, than a crowd of Tibetans appears on its summit, and when the meeting takes place they, with threatening gestures, forbid him to advance. If he will push forward, swift messengers

are despatched to the nearest garrison-town, asking for soldiers, and crowds of Tibetans accompany the adventurous European as he advances. Presently he reaches the first Tibetan village, and here new difficulties are placed in his way. The Tibetans will not permit his tents to be pitched near their houses, they will give no shelter to his men, and will not allow his beasts of burden to graze. They will sell him no provisions, will steal his goods, and will threaten his servants. In a short time—perhaps during the next day, a Tibetan official arrives with a company of soldiers—rough, wild men, with matchlocks and rests slung over their backs, and with swords and daggers stuck into their belts. The official immediately orders the European to return at once, and threatens to use force if he will not go immediately. Resistance is useless; numbers are irresistible; the traveller's servants are cowed by the menaces of the Tibetans, and so, amidst the jeers and mockings of the natives, he is compelled to return to India by the way he came. It is thus quite useless to attempt to enter Tibet from the south, because the inhabited part of the country extends right up to the Indian frontier. The same thing takes place on the eastern borders of Tibet, although the chance of entering is somewhat better on this side. A traveller may approach through China, but when he reaches the real frontier of Tibet he is stopped and turned back by crowds of armed men. The warlike Lamas issue from their great monasteries—which are particularly numerous in this portion of the country—and bring crowds of superstitious natives with them. Hundreds of men appear on the mountain-sides, and on the tops of the passes, and any farther advance of the traveller is out of the question. It is easy, then, to guard the southern and eastern frontiers of Tibet. Nor is there any difficulty about the west, since the valley of the Indus contains many Tibetan towns and villages, and the Tibetans keep up a sharp watch in this direction. There is, however, a breach in the line

of defence towards the north-west, which will shortly afterwards be described. The vulnerable side of the country is the northern. All the northern part of Tibet is an uninhabited wilderness, containing neither towns, villages, nor any habitation of man; it is a desert of rocks, sands, and mountains, without human inhabitant. Adventurous Europeans, therefore, can enter the country from this side without being observed, and can advance a considerable distance without meeting any opposition. Even in this direction, however, there are special difficulties for an explorer to encounter. Chinese Tartary lies to the north of Tibet, and it is difficult to traverse it owing to the opposition of the people and of the officials who, if they cannot stop the European, will endeavor to inform the Tibetans of his coming. Should the European travellers leave Chinese Tartary in the winter it will be difficult for the Chinese to give warning of their approach, since the Tibetans will then have retired far to the south; but at this season of the year Europeans will find it a fearful thing to traverse the awful deserts of northern Tibet, as these solitudes are then wrapped in vast sheets of snow, and are swept by snow-storms of appalling fury. The defence of northern Tibet is provided for in the following manner. On the great table-land (which is called the Chang) which extends from the range forming the northern boundary of the basin of the Sanpu to the Kuenlun Mountains neither towns, villages, nor monasteries exist, and the only human inhabitants are wandering nomads and robbers. Strict orders are given to the Tibetan nomads to keep a sharp watch for any European traveller. Should such an intruder be encountered, they must assemble in great numbers and try to turn him back; at the same time they must *at once* send swift messengers to Lhasa, Rudokh, or the nearest town in which a government official resides, informing him that a European has entered Tibet, and stating the exact part of the country in which he is encamped. Having done

this, the Tibetans will accompany the European in great numbers, keeping a close watch on all his movements. In a short time the government official, with a strong body of attendants, arrives, and the discussion commences. Now is the time for the European to show his firmness, for if he hesitates he will be lost. The Tibetan official first orders the European to return *by the same way* as he came. This is always done, and should be at once refused. Then an alternative route out of the country is proposed, while the Tibetans flatly declare that, should the European persist in advancing, they will fight. This they will probably do, and they allege that, although some of them will undoubtedly be killed in the encounter, they will also be put to death by the Lhasa authorities should they permit the explorer to proceed. At this stage of the discussion the most advisable course to follow is to make a compromise, and it is wise for the European to consent to leave Tibet by a *new route*, provided that the government officials will furnish him with guides, provisions, and baggage-animals. This they are generally willing to do, and the European explorer may now leisurely and safely leave the country, carefully observing all the points of interest along his route.

We mentioned before that there was a break in the Tibetan line of defence towards the north-west, for here lies a way into the heart of the country which it is very difficult to guard. This open district lies between the Pang Kong Lake on the south and the Kuenlun Mountains on the north, and it consists of a succession of lofty barren tablelands, which are from sixteen thousand to eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. These plateaux are uninhabited, and are perfect deserts of gravel and sand. Farther to the east, just within the Tibetan frontier, the table-land begins to be covered with grass, and a few nomads appear, who will on the approach of a European traveller immediately send word to the nearest Tibetan officer. But by keeping to the north it is possible to avoid

these nomads and to travel for vast distances in utter loneliness without seeing a human being, save a few robbers, who are not likely to visit any official of the government. It was through this gap that Captain Bower entered Tibet in 1891, having made all his preparations in western Tibet, which, being under the rule of the Maharajah of Kashmir, is freely traversed by European travellers in all directions. But even in western Tibet it is necessary to be cautious, and not to allow the destination of the exploring expedition to be known, as the news will be quickly carried across the frontier, and the inhabitants of Chinese Tibet will be on the watch for all intruders who may cross the border.

In order to be able to travel freely in Tibet, Europeans often apply to the Chinese authorities for *passports* giving them permission to enter and to traverse the mysterious land. It is very doubtful, however, if any real advantage is gained by this line of action, for the wily Chinese perfectly understand how to use the application for a passport in such a manner as to ruin the expedition of the traveller who makes application for it. First of all, the application for the passport tells them that a European traveller is about to enter Tibet, and it also makes known the districts of the country through which he will pass. It is easy then to send secret instructions to the nomad Tibetans to be on the watch, and the granting of the passport may be delayed until these instructions have reached their proper destination. Further, the Chinese government may inform the Tibetans that the passport has been granted by mistake, and must be regarded as invalid. More than this, even if the passport is perfectly correct, the Tibetans may regard it as valueless, and may declare that the Chinese authority in Tibet is merely nominal, and that they are not bound to obey all the orders they may receive from the Chinese government at Peking, or from the Chinese representative at Lhasa. The passport system, there-

fore, gives no guarantee to the traveller that if the document be received he will be permitted to carry on his travels in Tibet. The Indian government has for many years pursued the plan of training Hindoos to make scientific surveys, and has instructed many natives how to use mathematical instruments. These native explorers measure the distances traversed by paces, and closely record all observations. Their line of journey is laid down by the Indian officials, and on their return they immediately deliver up their reports to the English surveying officers. This plan seems to be very feasible, for the Tibetans make no objection to Hindoos travelling in their country. Nevertheless, it is becoming difficult, for the Tibetans are growing suspicious. The Hindoo explorers have to carry their surveying instruments carefully concealed, and they have to practise great dissimulation. At the first Tibetan post they are stopped and closely questioned by the Tibetan officials. They are asked to explain who they are, from what part of India they come, where they are going, and what is their occupation. Sometimes the Hindoo explorers break down under this severe cross-examination; they are detected by their erroneous answers and by their contradictory statements, and they are ignominiously driven out of the country. Even should they succeed in crossing the frontiers, they have to be most careful. They cannot take scientific observations unless alone, and they must carefully hide their scientific instruments from the sight of the suspicious Tibetans. Nevertheless, most important scientific journeys are often made by these native surveyors or pundits. In 1873, one of these trained Hindoos in the service of the English government, named Nain Singh, travelled for hundreds of miles over the central plateau of Great Tibet, and a few years later another pundit, A. K., actually spent four years journeying to and fro in the heart of the forbidden land. No wonder, then, that the British officials in India consider the scientific training

of these natives to be of the greatest importance.

As an amusing illustration of the way in which European travellers are stopped at the Tibetan frontier, we will describe what happened to Mr. Andrew Wilson when, about twenty years ago, he attempted to enter the forbidden part of Tibet. Mr. Wilson's narrative of his journey is so graphic and instructive that we refer all readers to it for fuller particulars; they will find his book¹ one of the most delightful records of travel ever written.

After being dangerously ill in the Sulej Valley, near the Moravian Mission station of Pu, Mr. Wilson, on his partial recovery, started in company with one of the missionaries—Mr. Pagell—and a great number of servants and coolies for Tibet. They journeyed towards the Kung-Ma Pass, and reached its summit, which is sixteen thousand five hundred feet above the sea, with little difficulty. All round them, as they stood on the top of the pass, were snow-fields, snowy peaks, and glaciers, and behind them rose magnificent ranges of snow-clad mountains. Tibet lay before them, and presented a strange panorama of brown rolling hills, snowless rounded mountains, and desolate uplands. They descended from the pass and reached the first Tibetan village, Shipki, where they received an extraordinary reception. There was no level ground in the place, save the flat roofs of the houses and the terraced fields, and the latter were evidently the best places on which Mr. Wilson's party could pitch their tents. But they were not allowed by the villagers to enter these fields, for a strong detachment of young Tibetan women, in red tunics, big trousers, and immense boots, guarded the entrances to the fields, and forbade the travellers to set foot inside the enclosures. These Tibetan Amazons were very good-humored, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy the fun, but they showed fight whenever any member of Mr. Wilson's party tried to enter any

¹ The Abode of Snow.

of the fields. Meanwhile the men in the Tibetan village stood and sat on the roofs and looked on, and huge mastiffs seemed prepared to spring at the travellers whenever their masters might choose to direct them to do so. Reasoning with the Tibetan damsels was perfectly useless, but at length a Lama was found on whom the Moravian missionary had bestowed some kindness, and he permitted the European party to pitch their tents in his field. The Tibetans were prepared to resist this also, but Mr. Wilson's servants made a sudden rush, took possession of the field, and erected the tents. The Tibetans were thus foiled at the commencement, but they quickly resumed their tactics of obstruction and hindering, and the result shall be described in Mr. Wilson's own words:—

The Shipki people were anything but civil, and at times it looked as if they only wanted a pretext for falling upon us, but at other times they condescended to reason on the matter. They said that they were under express orders from the Lassa government not to allow any Europeans to pass, and that it would be as much as their possessions and their heads were worth to allow us to do so. Death itself would not be the worst that might befall them, as there were certain dreadful modes of death, [which there is no need to describe] to which they might be subjected. On my referring to the Treaty of Tientsin, which gives British subjects a right to travel in the dominions of the Celestial emperor, and mentioning that I had travelled a great deal in China itself, they first said that they had no information of any such treaty having been concluded, and then they ingeniously argued that, though it might allow foreigners to travel in China proper, yet it did not apply to Tibet, which was no part of China, and only loosely connected with that country.

When we pressed them for the reasons of this exclusive policy, they answered that they were not bound to give reasons, having simply to obey orders; but that one obvious reason was that, whenever Englishmen had been allowed entrance into a country, they had ended in making a conquest of it. . . . We remarked that China had brought trouble on itself by attempting to exclude Europeans, whereas matters had gone smoothly after admitting them, and

referred to Japan as an instance of a long-secluded country which had found advantage (I am not sure very much) from admitting Europeans. But they seemed to interpret this as a threat, and replied boisterously that they might as well be killed fighting us as be killed for letting us pass—there would be some amusement in that; and if ever war came upon them, they were quite willing to engage in war, because, having the true religion, they were certain to conquer. . . . It was curious to find these rude men reasoning thus ingeniously, and it struck me forcibly that, though the voice was the voice of the rough Tartar Esau, yet the words were the words of the wily Chinese Jacob. There was something peculiarly Chinese-like also, and far from Tartar, in the way in which they shirked responsibility. Personally, they were not at all afraid of being uncivil; but when it came to a question as to who was who, and on whose responsibility they acted, then they became as evasive as possible. Thus, in the matter of supplies, though they at first refused point-blank to let us have any, yet, after a little, they adopted different and still more unpleasant tactics. They said they would let us have a sheep—a small one—for five rupees, which was about double its value. On our agreeing to give five, no sheep appeared; and on our inquiring after it, a message was sent back that we might have it for six rupees. On six being agreed to, the price was raised to seven, and so on, until it became too apparent that they were only amusing themselves with us. And whenever we reasoned on this subject with an ugly monster who had been put forward—and had put himself forward with a great profession of desire for our comfort—as the official corresponding to the *múkea* or *lambadar*, who looks after the wants of travellers, he promptly disclaimed all pretensions to having anything to do with such a function, and pointed to another man as the veritable *múkea* to whom we ought to apply. This other man said it was true he was a relative of that functionary, and he would be happy to do anything for us if the headman of the village would authorize it, but the veritable *múkea* was up with the sheep on the Kúng-ma, and if we found him there on our way back he would, no doubt, supply all our wants. In this way we were banded about from pillar to post without getting satisfaction, or finding responsibility acknowledged anywhere.¹

¹ The Abode of Snow, pp. 158-161.

As may be imagined, Mr. Wilson had soon to leave these impracticable people and to return to the Indian Hill States.

Mr. Wilson also relates an amusing story of an officer who determined to enter Chinese Tibet by stratagem. This officer managed to cross the frontier at night, and so escaped the frontier guard. Next day, however, while he was journeying deeper into Tibet, the Tibetan soldiers overtook him, and informed him that, as the country was unsafe because of robbers, they would go with him in order to protect him, to which arrangement the traveller was compelled to agree. In a few hours they came to a river, which was crossed by a rope bridge. The Tibetans passed over first in order to show that the bridge was safe, and then the officer got into the basket and was pulled along by the Tibetans. Suddenly, however, they ceased pulling, and left the Englishman hanging in mid-air above the rushing torrent. In vain the traveller shouted to the Tibetans to pull; they merely smoked and nodded their heads. The hours passed, and still the officer hung above the torrent. At last the Tibetans agreed to pull him back if he would promise to leave Tibet immediately. This, of course, he was compelled to do, and took his departure from the forbidden land.

On a consideration of this curious state of affairs in Tibet we naturally ask the questions: From whom does the determination to exclude Europeans from the country originate? and, What is the reason for this strange policy? It is not probable that the Tibetans themselves have any desire to exclude Europeans from their country. These people are all inveterate traders, and they are thoroughly acquainted with the value that British trade would be to them. They know, also, that Europeans do not take anything from them by force, but pay for everything that they require. In fact, a Tibetan told a caravan-driver belonging to Captain Bower, during that gallant officer's most adventurous journey

through Tibet, that he should be very glad if the English came and took the country, for they always paid for what they wanted and never ruthlessly took it from the people. The Chinese probably care little, although they would undoubtedly like to keep the tea trade with Tibet in their hands. The tea that they send into Tibet is of a most wretched character, and perhaps they fear the throwing open of the Indian tea markets to the Tibetans. Still, the authority of China over Tibet is very slight, and it is by no means improbable that this difficulty might be surmounted. It has been thought that the principal reason for the exclusion of Europeans from Tibet may be that gold is found extensively in the country, and that the Tibetan authorities, fearing the rush of Europeans to their country if this were known, take rigorous steps to exclude them and to keep the existence of the gold mines secret. It is true that gold mines are now extensively worked in many parts of Chinese Tibet—that is, in the forbidden territory. At Thok Jalung and at Thok Daurapa there are great gold mines, and at the former of these places—which has never been visited by a European—hundreds of miners are at work. These miners live in holes in the ground, and must suffer much from the cold, as the elevation of the gold-field above the sea is at least sixteen thousand feet. It has lately been ascertained, however, that the amount of gold raised at Thok Jalung has been much exaggerated. The streams in western Tibet are frequently washed for gold, and the Basha Valley in Baltistan was in former days—when Baltistan was independent—reserved as the special gold-field for the rajah's benefit. The streams in eastern Tibet are also washed for gold, but here again the yield is but slight. It is possible, however, that with more elaborate processes a much larger amount of gold might be obtained, and perhaps it is this knowledge which influences the minds of the Tibetan authorities towards excluding Europeans from the country. From all that can be gath-

ered; it seems probable that the chief opposition to the entrance of Europeans into Tibet proceeds from the Lamas. These intolerant priests swarm in the country in amazing numbers, and hold the people in abject and perfect slavery. The monasteries of the priesthood literally *swarm* in the land; they possess great wealth, and they often contain thousands of monks. These Lamas often hold the trade of the neighborhood in their hands, and they are frequently well armed. They lend money to the people at ruinous rates of interest, and they seize the land for the possession of their great monasteries. The government of the country is completely in the hands of this intolerant priesthood, and the Chinese authority is a mere shadow. These Lamas are intelligent men, and they fear the spread of civilized influence in their country. They dread the introduction of European ways and habits into Tibet, and fear that if these customs prevailed their hold on the people would be relaxed. Thus it is probable that from the Lamas comes the chief opposition to the entrance of Europeans into Tibet; but events are moving rapidly in central and eastern Asia. The overthrow of China by Japan, and the aggression of Russia and France, may lead to most momentous events, and may induce even the stubborn Lamas of Tibet to open their land to European trade in general, and to English influence in particular.

D. GATH WHITLEY.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
IN VINTAGE TIME.

By the end of the first week in September, ominous clouds began to roll about among the mountain-peaks, and the chalet-hotels felt distinctly chilly, so we came down to the lake, to a little village on the hillside above Clarens, midway between Vevey and Montreux, either of which places we could reach easily by walking through the vineyards, or along the lake-road. We got rooms in a large stone house covered

with white stucco, with rows of green-shuttered windows, front, back, and side, and a double flight of stone steps which met to form a kind of bridge before the front door. In the basement of the house there were large vaults and cellars, those to the right concerned solely with the manufacture of the wine, others to the left used as storehouses for articles as astonishing in their variety as their number. In a basement at right angles was another cellar, which M. le propriétaire used as a workshop for the production of casks, and vats, and tubs, and all sorts of mysterious things connected with the coming vintage. The front of the house looked into the village, which was made up of many similar houses, set among gay gardens and rich orchards. The back of the house looked into its own garden, and, standing at the edge of the tiny village, had an uninterrupted view over the lake. The room from which we used to watch the workers in the vineyard had an east and a south window. The east one was at the end of the house, and looked out on to the wooded sides of the Cubli, and the Rochers de Naye, which sloped away down to the very edge of the blue lake. Close at hand, just across a little river, was the old red and grey Château de Châtelard, on its own little wooded and vine-covered knoll. The south window looked right across the vineyards, across the lake, to the rugged and massive Alps of Savoy and Valais on the farther side, a misty blue in the morning, a dusky purple at night. Not far below, the roofs of Clarens broke the expanse of vineyards and orchards which lay between us and the lake, the shores of which could be seen curving eastwards to the little promontory of Montreux with the three poplar-trees at the extreme point, and beyond which, far away eastwards between converging chains of mountains, stretched the plain of the Rhone valley, nearly always veiled in a silver mist. The window had a roomy balcony, where we used to sit and watch all that went on just below us. Round the ends and

this side of the house ran a wide, grey pebble walk, with pear-trees and fig-trees growing down its middle. Along this ran a border of autumn flowers — tall white Japanese anemones, purple asters, yellow zinnias, pale September roses, golden marigolds, pale pink oleanders, glowing red-hot pokers, dahlias of every hue, and beyond lay a trim, triangular kitchen garden where grew neat little squares and rectangles of cabbage, spinach, lettuce, endive, celery, carrots, beet, turnip, beans, leeks, and a wild pumpkin vine wandered all along the wall.

The vineyards, which stretched up and down and all around, are broken up into terraces by mossy walls. Narrow paths run between the vines, and little flights of stone steps are built into the walls, which are covered with a luxuriant growth of scarlet-leaved cranesbill, blue-green wall-rue, black-stemmed spleenwort, blue harebell, and yellow hawkweed. Lizards dart in and out between the warm stones. Here and there, where the mountain-side is steepest, rocks jut out between the vines. At the end of every private path there is a notice, *Passage interdit, amende 6 francs*. It is astonishing what a number of warnings of *amendes* you come across in these little villages. *Amende* if your carriage turns a corner sharply; *amende* if your horse goes through the main street at a trot; *amende* if you wash your handkerchief in the trough of a drinking-fountain. The very way in which *amende* is flung in your face makes you madly desirous to incur it, and the delicious-looking grapes add a further temptation to trespass along the *passage interdit*. But as the most depraved little Swiss urchin would never dream of committing such a crime, you feel that, for the credit of the English nation, you must refrain. A Swiss vineyard is quite unlike an Italian one, much less graceful and picturesque. One's first impression, as one comes upon them in travelling from Geneva to Lausanne, is one of disappointment; they look for all the world like bean-fields. But if the general effect is not

beautiful, many of the details are. The vines are planted in long straight rows, about two feet apart. Each vine is a slender stem about three feet in height, which is carefully trained around a pole. It springs from a venerable trunk, hoary, gnarled, and moss-grown. In the autumn, after the leaves have turned every flaming tint of red and yellow, and the sap has ceased to flow, the stem is cut down and used as manure. In the spring the surface of the vineyards looks a rich dark red from the little buds which cover the trunk, only one of which is allowed to develop. In good soil, with careful treatment, a plant will last forty or fifty years; when it is exhausted it is taken up and replaced by a young one. But madame, the good mother of our landlord, a little brown, withered old woman, who went about her vineyards in the flat black silk cap, the black silk bodice, white chemisette, and the full white sleeves of the Canton Vaud, assured us that continual care was needed to make them last as long as this. "Il faut les soigner toujours, toujours." We used to watch her from our balcony on those delicious September mornings, when existence was so perfect that it seemed sacrilege to defile it with labor, trotting about, up and down, in and out among the vines, tying up a bunch of grapes here, cutting away a branch there, so that the sun might shine full on the fruit, nursing her vines as tenderly as a mother her child. And this is what must be done if you wish to get twelve or fourteen large bunches off one small vine. Every unnecessary shoot must be removed to prevent waste of strength, and when the flowers are set, and the grapes begin to ripen, every leaf that comes between the fruit and the sun, and which can be spared from the plant, is got rid of. Heavy bunches must be supported by any means that ingenuity can devise, so that the stem may not be strained. Early frost and hail are great dangers to be feared. Should hail come near harvest-time, the *vigneron* must go through his vineyards and remove any

damaged grapes with a pair of silver scissors. A watch must be kept for the grubs. And of course there is the dreaded phylloxera, but southern Switzerland, happily, seems to be free from that. If a plant be attacked, a red cross is marked on it, and it is ruthlessly destroyed.

The vintage starts the last week in September or the first in October, at the moment when the fruit is as full as possible of sugar and ready to burst with ripeness. Nothing can be more delicious than grapes eaten direct from the vine in this condition. We get nothing like them in England, as they will not keep long enough to travel, and we have not sun enough to grow them for ourselves. Gathering begins in the vineyards close to the shores of the lakes, and proceeds up the mountains as the lower slopes are cleared. The gathering is no light task, for the grapes must be got in rapidly while they are in condition. As well as hired laborers—men, women, and children—all the household, and even visitors, join in the work. At earliest dawn, before the sun has shot up above the Vaudois Alps, while the valley is full of mist, and the sky a cool blue above, the workers go forth to the vineyard singing as they go. The continuous stooping to the vines,

'Neath the stress of the noontide,
Those sunbeams like swords,

is exhausting, so the worker fortifies himself with many meals: a plate of soup before he leaves the house; a breakfast of coffee, milk, cheese, and bread at eight; dinner at eleven; coffee again at three; and in the evening, after the day's work is done, supper. Men and women, boys and girls, working in rows, cut the fruit with a pair of scissors or a sickle-shaped knife, throwing the severed bunches into small wooden tubs. Every grape must be gathered, all that have fallen must be picked up. We felt very little indeed when a stalwart *vendangeur* came along our path, and collected from the bottom of each vine we had

so laboriously stripped a handful of crushed fruit, which we had regarded as waste, but which he dropped with a severe smile into one of the tubs. According to a time-honored custom, any *vendangeur* who discovers an uncultured bunch on a vine stripped by a *vendangeuse* may claim from her a kiss as penalty. At a convenient point in the vineyard a man stands by a *hotte*—a tall, flat, wooden vessel, in shape something like a magnified pocket-flask, wider at the top than the bottom—into which he receives the contents of the wooden tubs, and crushes them down with a long-handled pestle, so that the *hotte* can be filled to its utmost capacity; when it is full, he stoops down, passes his arms through two leather straps fixed to its side, and, hoisting it on his back, carries it to the outer wall of the vineyard. In the little road on the other side of the wall a light wooden *char* is standing, and on it is fastened, lengthwise, a long wooden barrel with a hole at the top, into which a square wooden funnel fits. A short ladder leans against the side of the cart. The man mounts the ladder, fits the small curve of the *hotte* into a groove in one of the sides of the funnel, and with a dexterous jerk of his shoulder tilts up the *hotte* and pours its contents into the barrel, upon the side of which he chalks up, in little vertical strokes, the number of *hottes* thus emptied in. When the barrel is full the funnel is taken away, a cloth laid across the hole, and a lid fitted in. Horses or oxen are harnessed to the *char*, and it is drawn to the cellar where the pressing takes place.

There is an indescribable charm about it all; the *vendangeurs* and *vendangeuses* happy at their work, talking, laughing, singing, eating grapes by the score—for you may consume as much fruit as you like while at work, but you may take none away from the vineyard with you; buxom girls in big shady hats, and an occasional one in the black bodice and full short white-sleeved chemisette of her cantonal costume; brawny men with wide-brimmed hats shielding their bronzed faces, and

blue blouses showing glimpses of sinewy throats and sun-burned chests; children sitting on the ground feeding merrily away from the tubs of luscious grapes. And up in "the blue far above us—so blue and so far!"—an effulgent sun, whose rays bring out the first autumn tints of color in the forests of beech, birch, and chestnut on the mountains behind, light up the striped orange-colored awnings of the hotels which dot the margin of the lake below, make the brilliant patch of scarlet salvia in the garden of a distant villa appear even more brilliant than usual, throw strange lights and shadows on the lateen sail, spread out like the wings of some great sea-bird to catch the breeze that does not come to bear the boat along, and transform the foaming curve of wavelets in the wake of a passing steamer into a rippling bow of gold.

The horses with their heavy load toil uphill along the winding road which threads its way between the vineyards to our whitewashed, green-shuttered house, and stop before the cellar devoted to the preparation of the "fruit of Dionysus." Close up to the wall, on one side of the door, stands a huge vat, into which the barrels are emptied as fast as they arrive. In the wall just above the vat is a large slit, whence a wooden shoot leads down to a similar vat inside the cellar. Boys or men, any one who chanced to be about, shovels the liquid, with metal shovels, from the outer vat into the shoot, whence it runs down into the inner vat. The grapes are by this time an unsavory-looking, yellowish mass of skins, stalks, and juice.

M. le propriétaire had invited us to come down at eight o'clock in the evening to see the pressing, as by that time the work is in full swing.

"You see, mesdemoiselles, we gather the grapes all day, and at night, when we cannot see to gather any more, we press them. One saves time so."

"And when do you sleep, monsieur?"

"Ah! mesdemoiselles, on ne dort pas beaucoup pendant la vendange."

Accordingly at eight o'clock we came down the stone staircase of the white house, through the little vestibule, out into the balmy night air, down the bridge-like flight of steps into the press-house. Large double doors opened outwards, and more stone steps led inwards. It was a large vault with a rounded roof, from the middle of which hung a small oil-lamp, which lighted up the space beneath it, but cast dark shadows into the corners. The doors were shut, and the air was heavy with the smell of the *moût*, tobacco smoke, and human beings. The men, blue-trousered, blue-bloused, black-capped, all had pipes or cigars in their mouths, and matches and cigars lay on a shelf in the corner beside a quaint old candlestick of twisted wrought iron. A crowd of peasant on-lookers stood about the steps. The vats and winepress occupied the whole of the right-hand wall; in the end wall was a door which opened into an inner vault, where stood the large casks ready to receive the *moût*. The liquid was running from a tap in the side of the vat, through a basket which acted as a strainer, into a barrel. This first liquid, which comes naturally, without any pressure, makes the best wine. Inside the vat the *moût* foamed, not "round the white feet of laughing girls," but round the bared brown legs of a sturdy peasant, who was throwing the disintegrated grapes by spadefuls into the winepress. This consisted of a raised base, on which stood a sort of barrel of immense circumference, built up of strong, narrow slats of oak, each separated from the rest by a narrow space, so that, when pressing began, the liquid could run out through the spaces into a circular groove in the surface of the stone base, thence down a cylindrical hole bored in the stone, and out by a tap into a *hotte*.

The slats were fastened by iron bands into curved sections, which, hooked together, formed the circular walls of the press. A powerful screw turned on a pivot in the centre of the stone base. Three men were pressing down the grapes as they fell into the press with

what looked like steel hoes, and this went on till the press was as full of grapes as it would hold. On the top of all was built up a lid of solid bars of wood, each enormously heavy, which, fitted together, made a circular lid through which the screw passed; a similar layer was placed above it with the lengths of wood at right angles to those beneath, and yet another layer, again at right angles. A kind of boss was worked on the screw by means of a horizontal lever.

This was very ingenious, and ingenuity was required. There was not sufficient room in the cellar for the arm of the lever to make an entire revolution, so when it had made half the revolution it had to be disconnected, swung round, then connected again with the screw. Two iron plates turned on the screw and pressed the lid down. On the top plate were two iron rings, through which the lever, a heavy wooden pole, passed. The top plate was connected with the bottom one by a curved bolt, which fitted into slits in the bottom plate. The act of pushing back the lever caused the curved bolt to rise from the slit which held it, the top plate turned back on the screw, the lower one remained stationary. When the bar had swung to its extreme backward limit, the bolt dropped automatically into one of the slits, and the two plates became one, and made another half revolution forward on the screw.

Two men worked the lever, and as it went round, the *moût* gushed forth between the slats, and trickled down into the *hotte*. A glass stood on the stone, and unlimited quantities of the sweet juice could be consumed by any one who cared to drink. Work of this kind goes on all night, so that the press may be ready in the morning for the next day's batch of grapes. As the *hotte* was filled, it was carried away into the inner vault, and the *moût* tilted into one of the huge casks standing there to receive it. Each *hotte* holds forty-five litres, and each one emptied is registered in chalk on the outside of the cask, which at the moment of our visit showed forty-four *hottes*, or some two

thousand litres, and it was about half full.

When we looked into the press-house again next morning, the wooden walls of the winepress had been unhooked and removed, and the skins and stalks reduced to about one-third their original bulk lay exposed—a circular brown mass, somewhat resembling a gigantic cake of tobacco of magnified coarseness of texture. The edges of the mass—where the pressure had been least—were sheared off with a sharp knife, then placed on the top, and the press was put together again. By this time the work had become very severe, so the lever was connected with an arrangement of poles and ropes in the corner of the cellar, which worked after the manner of a picturesque but exceedingly primitive windlass. At first it went easily, a boy keeping it on the move, but with every turn it got harder and heavier, till at last it was as much as four men could do, with chests well squared and muscles at the fullest tension, to get the arm round. When every drop of the juice was extracted, the marc, or refuse, was removed.

"What becomes of that?" we inquired.

"We distil *eau-de-vie* from it," replied M. le propriétaire.

"*Eau-de-vie*!" we echoed in astonishment, looking at the stiff, hard brown cakes, which it seemed inconceivable could possess potentiality of any kind, let alone that which could produce *eau-de-vie*.

"Mais, oui, et c'est bon, je vous assure, mesdemoiselles," he rejoined, smiling a little at our astonishment.

"Well, and after that?" we ask, prepared for anything.

"Oh! after that it makes very good manure."

And once more we admired Swiss thriftiness. This *eau-de-vie*, we discovered, is a colorless spirit, much used in preserving and in cookery. The wine is left in the casks till the following spring, and it is here that fermentation takes place, and the *moût* is converted into wine. The change begins almost immediately; the liquid

becomes turbid, carbonic acid gas is evolved, a scum is thrown up on the surface, and the temperature rises. A climax is reached; the intensity of the fermentation diminishes, subsides; the scum settles as a slimy deposit at the bottom of the cask, and a clear yellow liquid is left above. The grape-sugar has almost entirely disappeared, a corresponding amount of alcohol has taken its place, and the sweet taste of the *moût* has given place to the characteristic vinous flavor of the wine. In the early stages of fermentation enormous quantities of carbonic acid gas are given off, and huge fires are made in the cellars to drive it away. But at the time I write of (October, 1893), when the vintage was the finest of the century, when barrels to hold the *moût* could not be purchased for love or money, when every cellar on the lake, from Geneva to Villeneuve, was packed with casks of *moût*, so great was the amount of carbonic acid gas in the air that, in spite of every precaution, several deaths from suffocation took place among the workers. In the spring the wine is drawn off clear into other barrels, then bottled; *vin ordinaire* is not bottled at all, but simply drawn from the wood. This is the wine sold at all the little wineshops with which Switzerland abounds. It is drawn off into quaint little glass decanters containing half a litre each, and so served to the unhurrying Swiss, who drink it round little tables under the trees on the sunny pathways, or over wooden benches inside the red-curtained wine-shops. I remember stopping to dine once at a village inn high up on the Albula Pass. Beside every plate on the dinner-table stood the orthodox black wine-bottle, and as I was exploring the house — it was a beautiful old house, with arched and groined stairways and passages, and the coat-of-arms of one of the most ancient Swiss families figured on its walls — I came across a waiter filling these same bottles from a gigantic blue and grey stone pitcher, which stood on a table in a corner of one of the up-stairs corridors.

During the end of September and beginning of October, everywhere along the lake are there signs of the vintage. We often went into Montreux, and on through to Chillon. We started over the hillside, through an apple orchard, where tempting crimson and golden fruit still gleamed bright among green leaves, on between vineyards, keeping uphill as long as we could, so as to have the full view of the lake across to Savoy, west to the Juras, and east to the mysterious Rhone Valley. Then we would drop suddenly into the grey little town, with its hotels with the yellow-blinded, flower-bedecked balconies; its *débarcadère* for the steamer, its harbor for the sailing-boats, its gardens filled with scarlet salvia, hydrangeas, fuchsias, geraniums, dahlias, gladiolus, anemones, and zinnias; its shops, sparkling with color in pottery, rugs, jewellery, fruit, and flowers; its green trees, and its *chic*, chattering, cosmopolitan crowd. Then under the creeper-covered walls of Territet, aflame with scarlets and reds, past more fascinating shops, to where the shadows of the old grey walls of Chillon fell upon blue waters three hundred feet in depth. Above, below, and all around were gatherers at work. One night at dusk, we walked under overhanging trees, beneath a starlit purple sky, into the narrow tall-housed streets of the village of Veytaux. Mingled with the scent of earth, and leaves, and flowers, came the penetrating odor of the *moût*. Lights, gleaming from chinks in cellars, windows level with the ground, along narrow passages, up dark steep stairways, showed that on all sides pressing was going on. We went down one of the seductive little staircases into a cellar. Here all was much the same as in the vault of the white house with the green shutters, but the methods were more enlightened and consequently less picturesque. The press was worked by a windlass which stood in one corner of the cellar, and a pipe led from the press to casks in an inner cellar on a lower level than the one in which the press stood, and conveyed the liquor

straight to the casks without the necessity of portage.

At other times we would turn west, through the park-like orchards and vineyards of Châtelard, past charming little French villas, beneath a many-turreted château, through grassy meadows, under avenues of walnut-trees, and drop down at length on to the highroad to Vevey. The older part of the town is one long, narrow, irregular street of grey-walled houses, divided up into flats occupied by the poorer people. Some windows are trimly curtained, some are curtainless; some are full of flowers; some are used as a larder and packed with eatables; from an upper window an old man and a young woman lean out to speak to a youth in the pathway below. Underneath the houses are shabby little shops and dark passages, some impenetrable, others leading to storehouses and cellars. Vats and barrels stand along the roadside; *hottes* lean up against the fountain beneath the trees; a bunch of half-eaten grapes lies on the gutter. Down a narrow street, at the end of which one catches sight of the lake making big waves fringed with white foam, a cart with the barrel still fixed to it is reared up against a wall, the sections of a winepress lie on the pathway beside great stacks of marc which are waiting to be carried away. The men walked placidly in and out and about, never in a hurry, never out of temper.

When the vineyards have all been cleared, the last cart, gaily decorated with flowers, brought with much rejoicing home, the last load pressed, and the last barrel filled, a feast is held to which all come who have assisted in the work, and at which much good food is consumed, more good wine drunk, songs are sung, dances are danced, and then the vintage is over.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
RECOLLECTIONS OF M. BOUCHER DE
PERTHES.

M. BOUCHER DE PERTHES was no geologist. He himself, in one of his

numerous letters to an English friend, disclaimed any right to the title in these words, "Je ne suis pas un savant et en géologie moins qu'en autre chose." Yet his name is so inseparably associated with the discovery of flint implements in beds of geological age, that a few notes of a day spent with him before these flints were generally accepted and recognized as the handiwork of man may be of interest, now that their artificial origin is established, and their significance in being something more than simple natural objects is understood. Unfortunately, our antiquarian of Abbeville had given forth his geological theories before he had found his flint implements. Hence, when his far-sighted perseverance was rewarded by the discovery of works of primitive man—which he had over and over again predicted—geologists gave neither heed nor attention to his announcements, and he had to endure no little ridicule and neglect.

Jacques Boucher de Crèvecœur de Perthes was not always known by the name of De Perthes. He was born at Rethel in 1788, and it was not until the 16th September, 1818, during the reign of Louis XVIII., that a royal decree authorized him to assume his mother's name of De Perthes, "she being the last descendant of Pierre de Perthes and Marguerite Romée, cousin-german of Joan of Arc." His father held office in the administration of the customs, and at the age of sixteen the young Jacques was enrolled in the same service, and was sent to Marseilles. After a few months there, he resided successively at Genoa, Leghorn, and in several German towns, returning to France in 1811, after having been engaged in missions connected with his service to different countries. For a short time he was sub-director of the Paris customs, and finally in 1825 succeeded his father as director of the *Douane* at Abbeville, an office which he filled until his retirement from the service in 1853. This post was then cancelled, having only been held by father and son. During nearly thirty-six years he filled the presidential

chair of the Société d'Emulation at Abbeville, the Memoires of which testify to his unremitting industry and to the wide range of subjects on which he wrote. He was rarely absent from the meetings of this society, except when he traversed Europe to collect the materials which he gave to the world in his many books of travels. His "Hommes et Choses" appeared in four volumes; the "Voyage à Constantinople par l'Italie, la Sicile, et la Grèce," came out in two volumes; "Voyage en Danemarck, en Suède, et en Norvège," as well as "Voyage en Espagne et en Algérie en 1855," "Voyage en Russie en 1856," and also "Voyage en Angleterre, Ecosse, et Irlande en 1860," besides others, appeared in single volumes. He also published his presidential addresses to the Société d'Emulation, likewise several discourses to Abbeville workmen, such as "On Probity," "On Courage, Bravery, etc.," "On the Education of the Poor," "On Poverty," "On Obedience to the Laws," "On the Influence of Charity," "On innate Ideas, Memory, and Instinct," and several on questions of political economy.

In many respects M. Boucher de Perthes was a man in advance of his time. Besides his addresses to workmen he was engaged in numerous philanthropic schemes, and he was a warm advocate for the settlement of international quarrels by arbitration, at a time when few Frenchmen held such opinions. His versatile pen was never idle. We know little more of his several tragedies and comedies than their names. No man was ever more possessed by the *cacoethes scribendi*. There is, in short, scarcely a subject on which he did not touch—from plays, poems, romances, satires, and ballads, on to "Spontaneous Generation" and to that *cause célèbre*, "The Human Jaw of Moulin Quignon." But he was essentially an archaeologist and antiquarian. Thus at the date of our visit to Abbeville, now nearly seven-and-thirty years ago, M. Boucher de Perthes was known in France as a voluminous author of light literature,

but chiefly as a collector and writer on antiquities.

The first work in which he predicted the certainty of traces of industrial remains of primitive man coming to light, was one in five volumes, entitled "De la Création, Essai sur l'Origine et la Progression des Etres," which appeared in 1838.

Yet long before that date he had a preconceived idea of the discovery he was about to make, the origin of which is recorded in the first volume of his "Antiquités Celtiques et Antediluvienues" in 1847:—

It was on a summer evening at Abbeville, while examining a sandpit at the end of the Faubourg Saint Gilles, *that the idea occurred to me* that instruments cut out of flint might be found in Tertiary deposits. However, none of those about me exhibited the slightest trace of workmanship. Some were still encrusted, others rubbed and worn round. Here and there a broken one, yet without the least trace of man's labor. This occurred in 1826. Several years passed by, and though I examined several localities, I discovered nothing. At last one day I thought I recognized the work of man on a flint of about twelve centimètres in length, from which two pieces had been chipped off. I submitted it to the examination of several archaeologists; not one could see in it anything more than a common flint stone, accidentally broken by the workman's pick. In vain I showed that the fracture was very ancient, and that the bed from which it was taken had never before been disturbed. . . .

My convictions remained unshaken. I continued my search, and soon discovered another, similar to the first, and cut in the same manner; with great joy I tore it from the bed in which it lay half buried. I thought that the attention of my judges would be awakened by the coincidence,—they were not even willing to look at it.

I discovered a third. In my own opinion this amounted to absolute proof. They did not doubt but that the flint was really taken from an undisturbed bed of diluvium; but as to the workmanship, they discredited it, and concluded that it had been broken like the others by the same cause—that the fractures were all caused in the same manner. I then discovered several large implements (*haches*). Here

the evidence of man's workmanship, I thought, should be clear to every one; but still it was only clear to myself. One day a fine axe in flint was brought to me; in this case the workmanship was incontestable, but I had not seen it taken from its bed. The laborers assured me of the fact, and its color, and the remains of the sand still adhering to it, were sufficient evidence. Yet these incredulous persons insisted that it had not been so taken, and as a reason gave that it could not have come from the diluvium. I then recommenced the search for myself, etc.

It will thus be seen that M. de Perthes' anticipations had put him upon the right track, and when in 1832 a trench was being excavated outside the ramparts of Abbeville for the construction of a canal leading from the Hocquet Gate to the Rouen Gate, he was all eagerness to inspect the excavations, and to procure any relics that might be exhumed. Two Celtic *haches* with handles of deer-horn were found by the laborers, and though only Neolithic or of comparatively recent date, the discovery of them roused his enthusiasm to the highest pitch.

We hear of no other extensive excavations until 1837, when works were resumed for the cutting of trenches for the defence of the place. It was then that M. Boucher de Perthes suggested that a commission should be appointed to watch the excavations, and to secure any specimens or relics that the workmen might come upon. Many of the members of the proposed commission happened to be busy men, others were absent; their numbers dwindled away until the commission became represented by M. Boucher de Perthes alone. He had, however, every assistance from the engineer officers directing the works, and he made a point of purchasing any fragments that the workmen might find, besides offering an extra reward for each specimen of any interest.

A series of thin beds of shingle or pebbles, alternating with peat, were exposed, and underneath the lowest was one of carbonized wood. Below this last was a sort of open platform

made of small joists of oak roughly squared, all unmistakably the work of human hands. There was nothing remarkable in the superposition of these beds, which were distinctly within the human period; but the exposure of them was interesting, and they incited M. de Perthes to undertake on his own account excavations in the older undisturbed gravels of the valley. The cuttings into the shingly beds at the Rouen Gate acted as a spur—if spur were needed; and when the diggings into the older gravels were begun, M. de Perthes was confident that he was on the point of some great discovery. He employed his ample fortune liberally, and when the workmen found the first old flint implement, he promised a reward of double the amount for the next, provided that he could see the specimen *in situ*.

The first announcement of his discovery of a palæolithic flint implement in gravels of the age of the Drift was in a work entitled "*De l'Industrie primitive, ou les Arts et leur origine*," published in 1846. In a description of the gravels of Menchecourt, he records the occurrence of this worked flint implement, and asserted that it was found among remains or fragments of bones of *elephant, rhinoceros, and other extinct animals* at the bottom of a bed of gravel underlying many *mètres* of modern deposits. The inference was clear. It made it probable that man in this district had been a contemporary of these extinct animals, and M. de Perthes, in recording the fact, announces with enthusiasm that he felt impelled to prosecute his researches with ardor, as he was about to unfold a page of history hitherto unread. In 1842 to 1843, three other flint implements were exhumed from the same locality, thus confirming and corroborating the evidence furnished by the first specimen. As the excavations were carried on further, our antiquarian by degrees amassed more and more of his *pièces justificatifs*, being confident in the hope that some day—maybe some far-off date—in spite of the sneers of an unbelieving public, the

facts would ultimately be acknowledged, and would speak for themselves.

In 1849 the first of the three volumes of his "*Antiquités Celtiques et Antediluviennes*" appeared, announcing that numbers of rudely worked flint implements had been met with in the old undisturbed beds of gravel. The two districts which yielded the greatest harvest were Amiens and Abbeville; the first embraced St. Acheul and Moutiers, while the Abbeville district included Menchecourt, St. Gilles, and Moulin Quignon. He repeated his assertion that these worked and chipped flints, to which he assigned so high an antiquity, were found at depths varying from nine to sixteen feet, and in association with bones of extinct animals. His announcement was altogether at variance with the preconceived and accepted axioms on the geological age of the human race; he was notorious for having previously propounded theories regarding the antiquity of man without any facts to support them, therefore it was not surprising that when he did hit upon a great discovery, he could not obtain a hearing, and was treated as a wild visionary. One reason of the general unbelief was that the figures in the book are only in outline, and are mostly so badly executed, and include so many that show no sign of work, that they failed to do justice to the specimens. Yet, with a patience which at this far distant date one cannot think of without admiration, he urged his countrymen to put his startling theories to the test, and make excavations for themselves in unbroken ground; but he was only laughed at, and men of science held aloof. Nevertheless, undaunted he worked steadily on, accumulating a large and miscellaneous collection.

In England few men of science had heard mention of his name. Still there was one English geologist who knew of the reported discovery of so-called worked flints, and who had it in view to visit Abbeville at some convenient season, and judge of it for himself. Mr. Prestwich was appar-

ently the one who, from his knowledge of the geology of the department of the Somme, thought it a fit base for investigation. Other engagements, however, prevented him carrying out this project, and in the mean time his friend, the late Dr. Hugh Falconer, who had been engaged with him in the joint investigation of Brixham Cave near Torquay, took the opportunity in passing through Abbeville of paying a visit to M. de Perthes, and inspecting his collection, though time did not allow him to visit the localities where the implements had been found. He was so impressed with the statements of M. de Perthes, and with the character of the implements, that he at once wrote to Mr. Prestwich and urged him to proceed to Abbeville. With characteristic generosity he invariably assigned the precedence to this friend, saying, "What I did was to stir up the embers of your interest in the matter into a quick flame."

It is right, however, to mention that in France there was an exception to the general disbelief of the flints having been fashioned by the hands of man—Dr. Rigollot of Amiens, who had been very antagonistic to the views of M. de Perthes, but whose opinions underwent a complete change after he had personally examined the ground and the evidence. On his return to Amiens he discovered similar flint implements in the great gravel-pits at St. Acheul near Amiens, which had been excavated through and below an old Gallo-Romano burying-ground. Dr. Rigollot ultimately was so convinced of the facts that he became one of the strongest advocates for their recognition, and his interesting memoir upon "*Instruments en Silex trouvés à St. Acheul*," published in 1855, was a special plea on their behalf; but Dr. Rigollot was not known as a geologist, and disbelief still prevailed.

Before giving an account of our reception at Abbeville, we would fain notice an attractive portrait in our possession. It is the lithographic likeness of a very handsome man; and as it is dated 1831, it must have been taken

when M. de Perthes was in the prime of life. There does not seem to be much resemblance between the original as we knew him and this picture, if we except the large clear straight eyes, a certain regularity of feature, and an expression of benevolence and placidity common to both. But we only saw the septuagenarian, whereas this likeness must have been taken when he was in his forty-third year. A profusion of curls cluster about the high forehead and temples, and the drapery, which French artists know so well how to adjust for pictorial effect, consists of a velvet trimmed cape, thrown back so as to show the collar of an embroidered uniform, and the orders which are displayed on his breast. To the end of his days he took pleasure in presenting this portrait, and this only to his personal friends. He never would be drawn nor photographed when advanced in years.

It was on a bitterly cold morning on the 1st of November, 1858, that we arrived at Abbeville. We were on our way to Sicily, where Dr. Falconer wished to explore the bone-caves, and other caves on the shores of the Mediterranean, and the writer had the privilege of accompanying him as secretary. We were a day behind the date fixed for an interview with M. de Perthes; therefore, taking the earliest train from Boulogne, we deposited our luggage at the old Tête de Bœuf on arrival at Abbeville, and hurried on through streets of pointed gables, where the sun had not had time to melt the crisp frost of the night—on to the house in the Rue des Minimes. It was a large, old building, which stood back from the street in an iron-railed enclosure; but our dismay was great to see at a first glance that it was shuttered and blinded as if untenanted, and only one window by the door was open, a *calèche* with luggage standing as if for a traveller on the point of departure. Five minutes later, and another hand would have had to chronicle the first recognition by English men of science of the old flint implements of the Somme Valley. M. de Perthes had made a

point of coming in from the country for the interview on the previous day, and thinking that we had passed on our way, he was about to return there.

We were ushered into a small room on the ground floor, which was crowded with examples of mediæval art. There was no flint implement visible; the walls, from ceiling to floor, were covered with old pictures, specimens of bronzes and brasses, beautiful carvings, prominent among them all being a great ebony crucifix. In a few minutes M. de Perthes entered, and gave us an eager welcome. The *calèche* had been countermanded, shutters unbarred, and venetians thrown open,—our arrival, in short, had intercepted the journey. He was just upon seventy, vigorous and active, not at all betraying his years. He looked a man carefully preserved; the thick brown wig was unmistakably a wig, and there was a suspicion—nay, a certainty—of artificial coloring about his complexion. He showed us his private study, which opened off the small outer room, and which was literally crammed with curiosities. The house from garret to ground floor was a great museum, the staircase walls lined with paintings, and room after room devoted to one or other branch of art, principally mediæval. His collection of curios was very cosmopolitan, much having been amassed doubtless while on foreign travel. The roomy old house was absolutely filled with relics and treasures of bygone days, with not a single habitable-looking or comfortable room in it, and must have been a dreary abode for any other than its owner.

Finally we were taken to the geological room or gallery, containing the flints which were the object of our journey to Abbeville. The collection was a magnificent one and full of interest, and our host was almost breathless with excitement in detailing the circumstances in which each specimen had been found. The remainder of that memorable day was spent in this gallery, but it nearly finished the unfortunate secretary. The gallery was like an ice-house, there was no fire,

and the very handling of the flints was freezing work. So much has been written and published about this collection that I need only allude to it, and will transcribe the letter which Dr. Falconer wrote from the Tête de Bœuf that same evening.

ABBEVILLE, 1st Nov., 1858.

MY DEAR PRESTWICH, — As the weather continued fine, I determined on coming here to see Boucher de Perthes' collection. I advised him of my intention from London, and my note luckily found him in the neighborhood. He good-naturedly came in to receive me, and I have been richly rewarded. His collection of wrought flint implements, and of the objects of every description associated with them, far exceed anything I expected to have seen, especially from a single locality. He had made great additions since the publication of his first volume, in the second — which I have now by me. He showed me "flint" hatchets which he had dug up with his own hands mixed indiscriminately with the molars of *E. primigenius*. I examined and identified plates of the molars — and the flint objects, which were got along with them. Abbeville is an out-of-the-way place, very little visited, and the French savants, who meet him in Paris, laugh at Monsieur de Perthes and his researches. But after devoting the greater part of a day to his vast collection, I am perfectly satisfied that there is a great deal of fair presumptive evidence in favor of many of his speculations regarding the remote antiquity of these industrial objects, and their association with animals now extinct. Monsieur Boucher's hotel is from ground floor to garret a continued museum filled with pictures, mediæval art, and Gaulish antiquities, including antediluvian flint knives, fossil bones, etc. If during next summer you should happen to be paying a visit to France, let me strongly recommend you to come to Abbeville. You could leave the following morning by an 8 A.M. train to Paris, and I am sure you would be richly rewarded. You are the only English geologist I know of who would go into the subject *con amore*. I am satisfied that English geologists are much behind the indications of the materials now in existence, relative to this walk of post-glacial geology, and you are the man to bring up the leeway. Boucher de Perthes is a very courteous elderly French gentleman, the head of an old and affluent family, — and

if you wrote to him beforehand he would feel your visit a compliment, and treat it as such.

I saw no flint specimens in his collection so completely whitened through and through as our flint knives — and nothing exactly like the mysterious hatchet which I made up of the two pieces. What I have seen here gives me still greater impulse to persevere in our Brixham exploration. . . .

H. FALCONER.

The result of this letter was that Mr. Prestwich in April, 1859, made his first visit to Abbeville, where he was shortly joined by some geological friends whom he had invited to meet him there, and on the 24th of May his paper, entitled "On Flint Implements associated with the Remains of Extinct Species in Beds of Geological Period in France, at Amiens and Abbeville, and in England at Hoxne," was read to the Royal Society. This paper made a great sensation, demonstrating as it did that a large portion of the flints in M. de Perthes' collection were of human workmanship, and pointing out their undoubted geological position. We shall quote one or two passages from the abstract of this paper: —

At Abbeville the author was much struck with the extent of M. Boucher de Perthes' collection. There were many forms of flints, in which he, however, failed to see traces of design or work, and which he should only consider as accidental; but with regard to those flint instruments termed "axes" (*haches*) by M. de Perthes, he entertains not the slightest doubt of their artificial make. They are of two forms, generally from four to ten inches long, . . . and were the work of a people probably unacquainted with the use of metals. The author was not fortunate enough to find any specimens himself,¹ but from the experience of M. de Perthes, and the evidence of the workmen, as well as from the condition of the specimens themselves, he is fully satisfied of the correctness of that gentleman's opinion that

¹ This only refers to the large worked *haches*. On his first visit to Menchecourt, the day after his arrival at Abbeville, he was fortunate enough to obtain in one excavation he had made to a depth of about twenty feet beneath the surface, several fine flint flakes with large bulbs of percussion, in a bed with abundant remains of the mammoth and other extinct mammalia.

they there also occur in beds of undisturbed sand and gravel.¹

With regard to the geological age of these beds, the author refers them to those usually designated Post-pliocene (Pleistocene), and notices their agreement with many beds of that age in England.

Finally, Mr. Prestwich stated that he purposely abstained for the present from all theoretical considerations, confining himself to the corroboration of the facts:—

1. That the flint implements are the work of man.

2. That they were found in undisturbed ground.

3. That they are associated with the remains of extinct mammalia.

4. That the period was a late geological one, and anterior to the surface assuming its present outline, so far as some of its minor features are concerned.

He does not, however, consider that the facts, as they at present stand, of necessity carry back man in past time more than they bring forward the great extinct mammals towards our own time, the evidence having reference only to relative and not to absolute time; and he is of opinion that many of the later geological changes may have been sudden, or of shorter duration than generally considered. In fact, from the evidence here exhibited, and from all that he knows regarding Drift phenomena generally, the author sees no reason against the conclusion that this period of Man and the extinct mammalia—supposing their cotemporaneity to be proved—was brought to a sudden end by a temporary inundation of the land; on the contrary, he sees much to support such a view on purely geological considerations.

The effect produced by this paper was very great. Before writing it, Mr. Prestwich had been joined by Mr. (now Sir John) Evans, and together they had examined the flints and gravels of Amiens and Abbeville. Both being experts in different departments—one from his practical knowledge of geology, especially of the more recent deposits, and the other holding the foremost rank in archæology—their joint opinion carried great weight.

¹ Subsequently, Mr. Prestwich was summoned by a telegram from Paris, to which he responded by going to St. Acheul and finding an implement *in situ*.

Thus when their belief became public, that M. de Perthes had made an important discovery, and that a large proportion of the flint implements in his collection were what he had claimed them to be, men of science on both sides of the Channel cast away their doubts and unbelief, and the valley of the Somme became at once the shrine for many a scientific pilgrimage. No longer had M. de Perthes occasion to bewail in bitterness of spirit the roughness of the road of science; his labor of years was recognized, and a sudden revolution effected in his favor. His letters of this date, especially those addressed to Dr. Falconer and to Mr. Prestwich, are expressive of the most lively satisfaction and gratitude.

In the same year we read of another visit by the latter to this flint-bearing district, accompanied by Messrs. Godwin-Austen, J. W. Flower, and R. W. Mylne, followed by one from Sir Charles Lyell. Then again, in 1860, Mr. Prestwich led a party of his personal friends there, including Mr. Busk, Captain (now Sir Douglas) Galton, and Sir John Lubbock. A host of geologists and others followed on the same errand, amongst whose names we note those of Sir Roderick Murchison, Professors Ramsay, Rupert Jones, Henslow, Rogers, and Mr. Henry Christy. That cold November day spent by Hugh Falconer in examining the collection of flints and stones and bones had had far-reaching results.

Nor did French *savants* remain longer unconvinced. Mr. Prestwich, satisfied by the success of his paper to the Royal Society, addressed a letter to the French Academy of Sciences, urging the significance of M. de Perthes' discoveries. The effect of this communication was that M. Gaudry, a distinguished member of the Institute, visited Abbeville and Amiens to examine the implements and the flint-bearing beds. He found several worked flints *in situ*, and his researches confirmed M. de Perthes' statements; his report had the effect in Paris that the paper to the Royal Society had in England, and a French pilgrimage to the valley of the

Somme began, headed by well-known members of the Institute, among whom were MM. de Quatrefages, Lartet, Hébert, and many others.

Our antiquarian of Abbeville was now a proud and happy man, and if he did see the attacks of one or two adverse critics in England, who stigmatized him as "that amiable fanatic," he heeded them not; he could afford to smile at such criticisms. One cannot resist giving a quotation from a humorous note of Dr. Falconer's. It is dated about a year after that first visit to Abbeville:—

LONDON, 4th Nov., 1859.

MY DEAR PRESTWICH, — I have a charming letter from M. Boucher de Perthes — full of gratitude to "Perfidé Albion" for helping him to assured immortality, and giving him a lift when his countrymen of the Institute left him in the gutter. He radiates a benignant smile from his lofty pinnacle — on you and me — surprised that the treacherous Leopard should have behaved so well.

But although M. de Perthes had thus achieved the ambition of his life, and had been spared to see recognized the importance and value of his collection of the works of primitive man, he had again to experience the "stony roughness of the road of science." In his remarkable collection there was a certain admixture of very carefully worked specimens, in the authenticity of which he himself blindly believed, but which his English friends at once pointed out and unhesitatingly condemned as spurious. There can be little doubt but that certain of the workmen were dishonest; and lured on by the awards held out to them for every implement found, they thought to do business on their own account, and secretly started a manufactory of their own. These modern imitators copied the implements with considerable exactness, declaring to our antiquarian of Abbeville that with their own hands they had dug them out of the gravel. These forgeries were really deceptive in form and make, but experts were not slow to detect the absence of patina or vitreous glaze, that "varnish of antiquity," and

the staining which are characteristic of old palæolithic implements, and which the workmen had not been able to reproduce.

But the culminating interest in the later years of the life of M. de Perthes was his asserted discovery of a "human jaw" with flint *haches* in the *couche noire* of the gravel-pit of Moulin Quignon. The authenticity of this jaw, which he firmly believed to be of the same age as the accepted palæolithic implements, was generally questioned, in face of his asseveration of having extricated it with his own hands on the 28th of March, 1863. During all these years of excavations in the gravels, remains of man himself had been carefully looked for, yet never found, and this was the first occasion on which a human bone had come to light.

This asserted discovery excited the most lively interest on both sides of the Channel. Dr. Falconer at first had been inclined to believe in the remote age of the jaw, but the "deliberate scrutiny" of the materials which he had carried away from Abbeville compelled him to alter his opinion. To quote his words:—

The French *savants*, the more they went into the case, were more convinced of the soundness of their conclusions; while their English opponents, the more they weighed the evidence before them, were the more strengthened in their doubts.

To settle the question definitely, it was agreed that a deputation of English *savants* should proceed to Paris to confer with representatives of their French brethren. This deputation consisted of Drs. Falconer and Carpenter, Messrs. Prestwich and Busk, all fellows of the Royal Society, while the French members, who were largely drawn from the ranks of the Institute, were MM. de Quatrefages the eminent naturalist, Desnoyers the geologist, Edouard Lartet the palæontologist, and Delesse, professor of geology, with M. Milne-Edwards the zoologist as their president. Other distinguished naturalists joined in the investigation, as, for example, our old friend M. Gaudry,

M. A. Milne-Edwards, and the Abbé Bourgeois. Sir John Evans was prevented by other engagements from joining in at this stage of the inquiry.

Three meetings of the commission were held in Paris in May, 1863, the proceedings being conducted with as great solemnity as if a human life hung in the balance, and depended on their deliberations. And what a remarkable assemblage!

Unable to agree, they adjourned to Abbeville, when the picturesque aspect of the conference had its crowning touch. Here the members were reinforced by the presence of M. de Perthes, with that also of several distinguished *savants*, such as MM. Hébert, De Vibraye, etc., and the sitting was held at the quaint old Tête de Bœuf far into the night. At 2 A.M. they separated, to meet once more a few hours later for the summing up. The *procès verbaux* of each meeting had been voluminous and minute, but the evidence was so perplexing that in the final verdict there was only unanimity on the first clause — namely, "The jaw in question was not fraudulently introduced into the gravel-pit of Moulin Quignon; it had existed previously in the spot where M. Boucher de Perthes found it on the 28th of March, 1863."

It was a bitter disappointment to M. de Perthes that his English friends, in acknowledging the fact of the human jaw having been truly found as he described, yet refused to admit that it belonged to a remote antiquity. In writing subsequently to Falconer and to Prestwich, he pleaded for his jaw in words that were pathetic. He felt that the halo of his success was dimmed, and never quite recovered from his keen disappointment. Yet he had support among the members of the commission, who were his distinguished countrymen, and might well have been content to leave the age of this famous human jaw as it rested in the minds of his English friends — in doubt. His early researches had thrown a flood of light upon a subject which had been shunned, so beset was

it with difficulties; in obtaining the public recognition of his flint *haches* as the tools and weapons of primitive man, he had achieved a great work.

Could he have been but spared to witness the hold that his discoveries eventually obtained over the public mind! Could he only have foreseen the growth of the subject in seven-and-thirty years, how great would have been his triumph! His indomitable energy and far-seeing sagacity had given the first impetus to a subject which has grown into a new science, and geologists all over the world have set themselves to seek (and have found) those rudely wrought weapons and tools of flint and stone, fashioned by savage man before the use of metals was known. And the inquiry, once started, has not been limited to the search in the Valley Drifts, of which the flint implements have become historical. The horizon has widened; evidence is forthcoming which shows that flint implements of a still ruder type are found in a Drift on the summit of hills, and to which a much older date has been assigned than to the Valley Drifts. This new field of research is now in course of active exploration, and the discoveries in it already shadow forth results that are remarkable, inasmuch as they point to the still greater antiquity of the human race.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
OF CABBAGES AND KINGS.

THE two wide glass doors that form the end of the little dining-room are thrown open, and the breakfast-table is set in the midst of the inrushing sunshine. Outside, beyond the steep edge of the descending garden, there is a luminous width of air and dimpled water, freckled with sunshine and with a multitude of boats, and streaked by the busy paddles of frequent ferry-steamers. The further shore recedes into an azure shadow, and the islands float uncertainly amid the shining stretches of water; the world for the

nonce is ceiled and floored with a changing radiance of amethyst and silver, and there is no beauty of material things that can measure itself to-day against the large splendor of sunlight.

Below, at the foot of the cliff, one can hear the splash of water tumbling upon the rocks, and lapping against the edge of the steps that run steeply down from the garden to the beach, starting at the top between a clump of aloes and a scarlet trail of Virginia creeper, and fragrant on its way with overhanging heliotrope; the sound of plashing water, cool and softly restless, lapping the stone stair with an infinity of little noises and the deeper overtone of the incoming tide. But that is only one note of the chord that makes the music of the silence.

It is ten o'clock in the morning, and it is *Toussaint*; all the bells across the bay and behind us are ringing, and their voices fill the air with the crossing of many songs. There is one that is deep and sonorous that sings to us from over the water; and another, more ancient, that chimes in with the broken voice of age; it is tremulous, one thinks, with the weight of many memories and the long vision of tears. Yet to-day it rings out with the rest of its neighbors, and it is only in a plaintive, querulous undertone that one may hear sometimes the bitterness of its age, the touch of the forgotten yet unforgotten past. "*Combien je regrette . . . le temps perdu —*"

For all the world is *en fête* to-day, and hungry moreover, for yesterday was *maigre*. There is not a cloud in the sky, nor a shadow across the golden sun; and though it is barely ten o'clock in the morning, and the 1st of November, it is as radiantly hot and serene as a July day at home should be. Yet we are not on the Riviera, — not at all, only in a French village on the grey Breton coast, that wakes up into a short mad jollity in summer, and dozes peacefully through the rest of the uneventful year; and we shall have cold days yet, I doubt not, though it is a sheltered and a sunny

corner, and keeps winter well at bay. But it is something to sit in the sunshine this November day, drowsily watching the boats on the bay below, and listening to the clash of bells pealing across the water; something to be pleasantly aware of the merry chatter in the street, and the pattering *sabots* of the happy children free from school; something to be lazily warm and sun-lapped, while yonder, at home, it is winter already and cold even beside the fire.

It is a day for idle thought and idle speech, when one's fancy strays in the wake of every sunbeam, or is caught by a dancing mote in the enveloping glory of sky and sun and sea. Across the bay there is a wooded cliff, and the flight of birds above it draws one's eyes thither for a moment. It is good to be there on such a day as this; when its shady walks are walled with amber foliage, and the small herbs of the banks are illumined in russet and crimson; it is good, too, to be there in spring, when the young buds are variously purple, or green, or silver, and the yellow daffodils nod above a brown carpet of rustling leaves, or amid a tangle of fresh grass. But to get there, one has to pass through the sleepy town behind us, built on the narrow point between the sheltered bay and the purple island-dotted sea, where half the shops are closed and the rest have relapsed contentedly into a cheerful idleness. There is a swarm of empty villas, white and red and fancifully bedecked with tiles, looking out blankly seaward with shuttered windows, beside the deserted casino and the solitary *plage*, where only the surf beats loudly on the yellow sand and flings itself in leaping foam upon the rocks. Yes, it sounds melancholy; and in truth, for those who need a small incessant torment of frivolity, one cannot call it gay. But for those who only love a crowd when they can be solitary in it; as in a great city, where, if one so choose, one may live the lonelier for being in the midst of a swarming life; for such a one, it is pleasant beyond comparison in the

long autumn sunshine which dapples the world with gold and pearl, and flickers merrily between the poplars on the wide white roads ; one has space and the leisure to be alone with one's self, and to find one's self infinite good company.

There are, moreover, the people of the place, who now have time to amuse themselves, and the wherewithal, it is to be supposed, having taken in the stranger and entertained him, for a consideration ; there are even a few English, who look at one suspiciously, as they pass by, with the flicker of a critical smile. And for distractions, if one have the mind thereto, they are not lacking ; but they are such as need a humble spirit and a discerning eye. There is, for instance, always the church, where one may betake one's self, and find reflected one's every mood even to the unvirtuous. There is a particular *curé*, who has stepped down to us from the happy days when Gargantua was king and Rabelais his chronicler ; for though he may be actually, as I must not doubt, a very saintly person, he has a moist eye and a personal contour that seem to clash with a proper asceticism. So one casts him mentally as the jovial monk, in one's peripatetic romances wherein he must dance to all manner of tunes ; though it is a grievous liberty to take with a worthy dignitary of the Church, who, moreover, wears ermine and lace, and who doubtless cannot help his comfortable figure.

The church, one finds, is here a very live thing in the midst of the life about it. It is never empty ; it is full of the faint smell of incense, and the pungency of continual occupation ; *sabots* clatter in and out, children come and go with sudden, hasty genuflections ; old women sit in the corners, or tell their beads before the altars ; the lights flicker and the tall plaster figures look down graciously smiling, or gaze upward in a rapturous adoration. They are conventionally young, and round-fleshed, and radiant in their tenderly colored robes, and quaint contrasting gauds of crown and necklet and pen-

dent votive hearts ; conventional symbols of conventions, and stiffly beautiful with a beauty that is itself a tradition, a beauty that is a rubric and an article of the faith, and a lingering small acceptance from the far days of a facile content in things religious.

Then the church fills with a swarm of white caps which lift themselves strangely into snowy wings and crests, so that one may pick out the women of the different *pays* ; and men's voices chant sonorously, and the full-rigged model ships, hanging in the chancel and before the Mary-altar, vibrate and swing softly to and fro at the opening and shutting of doors. Those who have hung them there have long been dead ; but there are faces in the crowd beneath that are raised towards them, and eyes that grow dim, — too dim to see the dust of years that blackens the rigging, too dim to see anything but that more distant ship that is away at the Banks or at Iceland, in the fear of storms and the strange confusion of the fogs, and that will surely come back, unless — “ *Etoile de la Mer*, send us our men home from the sea ! ”

And in the lady-chapel, amid the rosaries and the trinkets and the gilded hearts, are hung a string of tiny boats, roughly carved from common wood and shaped by rude fingers ; but the prayer and the thanksgiving are as strong about them as about the stately ships hanging high overhead. One looks at them and remembers the greed of the engulfing waters ; the grey enveloping bewilderment of the mists ; the fathers and husbands and sons who are amid them ; the long summers when there is no word of the absent, and the autumn, when the women wait day by day for the first dim sight of the homecoming boat. And there are those who must wait, and wait, for the boat that never comes back — “ *Etoile de la Mer*, send us our men home from the sea ! ”

And now there is a movement in the church, and as if a wind swept in from the west the white caps sway before it, and the quaint white heads stoop and bow to the ground, with a quick rustle and an after silence —

But it is hot to-day, too hot to make one of the crowd; it is incomparably better in the full breadth of the sunshine, where the gold and blue of the sky stretches to its large horizon; where one can fancy for a moment that this is verily the South, and a land where winter may not come. And yet one has only to walk along the white road yonder, towards that young grove of palms (as at least one imagines them to be from here), with the children running beneath and the bright sea glittering between the tapering stems; a little closer, and one will see that they are not palms, any more than that is the iridescent water of the Mediterranean. They are but cabbages, and we are still in Brittany.

In this country, cabbages certainly play a great part in the landscape, and not a wholly unpicturesque one, either; with their loose grey-green leaves springing in tufts atop of five-foot stalks, and the sun dancing in checkers along the alleys between them, where the children come and go. But indeed this is the paradise of vegetables; one lingers in the market and before the shops, marvelling at the clean perfection of the things and the excellence of them in form and color. What beauty is there of blossom that is not modestly shared by these cauliflowers, creamy and globular in their encircling fringe of tender green, the smooth golden rind and warmer flesh of the pumpkins, the scarlet carrots, and the angry crimson of the aubergines? But the cabbages are not to be seen as they should be, either in market or shop; but in groves on the hillsides, with the sun full on their loose frilled leaves, and the sea glittering between and beyond their long pale stems. One no longer wonders that a thing so stately in its homeliness should have lent itself to coaxing and cajoling lips; as when Mathurine, the pretty bold-eyed shrimp-seller, would have one buy the leaping transparent brown things in her basket at an unheard-of price: "But then, *mon petit chou*," she laughs, "it is Mathurine who must live!"

Last night, no longer, it sounded in one's ears with an odd tenderness, that foolish little word; it was only a child that said it, a thin, wan, woman-child in a tattered gown and *sabots* on her bare feet, leading a ragged boy bigger than herself by a motherly hand. I do not know whence they came, but they had ravenous eyes and pinched blue lips, and they looked about them strangely; till presently the girl caught sight of a scrap of sweet cake that had fallen amid the rubbish in the gutter, dropped in passing, perhaps, or indifferently thrown away. She seized it eagerly and wiped it on her gown; for one instant her hand hesitated and her eyes glittered uncertainly; then, with a quick movement, she held it to the boy's mouth and smiled superior. "But no," she said, as he offered reluctantly to share it; "keep it, *mon chou*! I am too old, you know, for sweet things." But she was old enough, poor little soul, to be hungry; and old enough, too, to lie with a wonderfully saving grace, in spite of the longing in her eyes.

And *à propos* of cabbages, one has an intimate acquaintance with many, of the human sort; the men and women that are born and live and die in an apathy miscalled life, and who transmute the tragedy of existence into a sort of brassicaceous melodrama. There is a small town in the north of England, sinking nowadays fast into a village—one of many similar, no better and no worse, it is to be supposed—where one may pass from house to house, and find a history in each; where one may ring the changes on every combination of possession and desire; and where the sordid commonplaces of death are as little dignified as the daily needs of living.

But among these people every passion and emotion is worn with an unreserve which is never enthusiastic; they are born cynical and unresponsive, and, unbelieving, are indifferent in their unbelief. "No, I don't think much on church," said a little servant-girl of fourteen; "I don't set no store by it. But there is the choir *teas* an'

things — an' the priest he come a both-erin' —" So she had been confirmed, indifferently as she did everything else; and chuckled a little over the foolishness of it. And amid the tragedies which are not tragic, and the sorrows which stop short of tears, they live through life indifferently; they "set no store by it;" but they take it as it is, and amuse themselves as they can, with or without benefit of clergy. One may pick up the plots of a dozen dramas; till presently one finds that the dramatic element has been left out, and there is only a futile episode or two which lead inconsequently to nothing.

There was a love affair, for instance; a youth, the son of a respectable man in the village, who fell in love with one of the girls in the place, deeply in love, one supposes, as these things go, to judge from the continuation. They were seventeen or thereabouts. He was "not over clever," as they said there, short, and broad-shouldered, and silent; she was a white-faced, long-limbed slip of a girl, with a swinging walk and a pair of roving black eyes; she had gipsy blood in her, and carried its mark in her shapely hands and up-held head. Not a likely pair to take to each other, one would think; but after "sweethearting" during a few summer weeks, they electrified the village by going off together to Newcastle, leaving word behind that they meant to be married. This was all wrong; they might have stayed at home and amused themselves, as others did; that was the ordinary behavior of young men and women, and no one would have questioned it. But to run off together, when there was no need, and to get married before there was any necessity, a thing no one ever thought of thereabouts; this was strictly unnatural and improper; the culprits must be followed, and the thing prevented.

So some of his brothers went off after him and brought him back; he was not at all put about, and took the matter calmly, as he had taken the elopement, as an incident of but small

importance; and the girl came back too, while there was another incident a few months after, that was accepted in the same matter-of-course way. The years went on, without very much change of any kind. Ben was a little older and more bearded, as silent as ever and not much wiser; he spoke to the girl sometimes at the street corners, and never seemed aware of the small object in knickerbockers that was already old enough to go to school. It was eight years after the elopement, and when the object above mentioned was fully seven years old, that Ben slouched one evening into the room where the girl lived with her people. I do not know how he found words enough in which to explain himself, but he made them understand that the banns were out, and that he meant to marry her in three weeks. "I couldn't do't afore," he added, "but they've give me a rise at last." All the eight years he had been waiting for this; and Janey persuaded herself that she had been as faithful, and did her best, one supposes, to revive a dutiful affection, with an astonished delight that marriage should have come her way.

Well; it was soon over. The preparations, and the service, and the pride of being well-dressed, and in the vestry, the vicar's hesitating congratulations. He said, with a glance at them both, that he hoped they had not taken this step without thinking it over carefully; and Ben replied, with the air of saying a neat thing, that he had been thinking of it for eight years. Then the return home, to Janey's home, where there was little space, scant furniture, and less of privacy or ventilation; but there was food in plenty and rather more than enough to drink; so that presently, the neighbors first protesting and then ejecting, Ben was picked up by the police upon the sidewalk, where he had fallen down the stairs, and finished his long courtship by a night (his marriage-night) in the cells.

I wish I could carry the idyll a little further, but the romance, such as it was, soon dropped out of it; for some

weeks later, when they took a little outing to Newcastle, Ben came back alone and seemed to have no answer ready for intrusive questioners. He looked like a dog that had been beaten ; but he had neither then, nor since, anything to tell ; only he lives alone in his one-room cottage and works for Janey's boy, to whom he has attached himself limpet-like and wordlessly, as he did to his mother, and with small chance of better result. I saw them lately, the boy an idle rascal with a vicious brow and sullen furtive eyes, loafing about the streets and spending the pence that he steals from his father, or from any one else when occasion offers ; while Ben looks at him with the same obstinate fidelity which he gave to Janey. There should be a tragedy somewhere here, but there is nothing so convincing ; only a small incessant wretchedness, the sight of which tastes bitter in the mouth and salt as tears ; a wretchedness which, with love and life, and death, is but an episode of an incidental existence.

Yet this dulness of emotion is not at all confined to that district, or to that class ; there are many of us, that are by choice, or by inheritance, cabbages. It was but the other day that a marriage at the last moment was broken off because the man, on thinking it over, could not face the change, the unsettling of all the habits which he had built up about himself. This he told her, not softening the thing, being well convinced of its reasonableness, and having his eyes turned in upon himself ; and then he retired happily to his daily routine and the encroaching rigors of the small things he made into his masters. They said she was foolish enough to be unhappy over it ; but it is to be inferred that she had no consoling habitudes to absorb her thoughts. At least he was honest, he went to her with the truth in his mouth ; only honesty is so terribly naked by contrast with this world of underclothing, that one wonders if he had not better have lied ; unless the cabbage would verily not have withstood the uprooting.

It is fortunate that we have, most of us, the power of living through things ; for if we were all to die when we are broken-hearted, we should too often be despatched into another world in an early state of unfitness. But the night passes and the blackness of it, and the morning is fair ; it is good to be alive and a cabbage and wholesomely indifferent to the big passions that torture men.

We all, I suppose, have some sort of a private and particular "lake and a fairy boat" in which we may sail upon a magic sea, and dream dreams ; or we watch for its coming, laden with fortune, fame, or love ; or it will spread, at our will, its silver wings and carry us to the strange, bright lands that sit beside the further seas. There is little doubt that one paints Bangkok, or Mandalay, or Soûl in a beauty that is not theirs, when one dreams of walking in their streets and living in the midst of their life ; but there are some of us, cabbages though we be, that yet are born with the wander-need within us ; the roads that our feet have not trodden call to us, and sooner or later, we come. Some day, I, too, shall go to Siam. And when that day arrives, I do not hope that electricity will project us to our destinations or even that that ancient delight, the flying-carpet, will be trained to daily use ; I do not ask for anything better than the promiscuousness of a railway carriage, the bustle of coming and going at the stations, the crossing, changing, jostling, hurrying life that flashes past, the faces that look in upon us, the words we recall afterwards, the infinitely small things of which memory is made. Only the other day — it was in France — we travelled eight in a compartment, not to speak of bags and bundles ; the racks above us were laden, and we sat in stiff-necked expectancy, in the shadow of impending catastrophes. We were eight : three young and small soldiers, an English couple, two women, and myself ; moreover, one of the women was large and unsleender, overlapping her neighbors and incommoding the soldier sitting opposite to

her, who was sleepy, and slipped presently into a comfortable sprawl. "But, *Monsieur la Militaire*," she broke out at last, startling us all into wakefulness, "assuredly you have the legs of a giraffe, you ! Observe only that I am *entouré de soldats*, and retire yourself then, that I may expand !" And she did so, apparently ; but I don't quite know what became of the rest of us.

And I recall another travelling companion, an English soldier, a sergeant, who wore the colors of the queen with a smartness that became them. He had been all through the Egyptian and the Soudanese wars, and told much of what he had seen, telling it well. We were in the night-express ; the others in the carriage slept, in various stages of *déshabillé* and discomfort ; the rain beat on the windows and the train roared and rocked and jangled as it rushed southwards. But I only heard the strong voice of my neighbor, as he poured out story after story of the two campaigns ; and now we laughed, and now we fell to silence for a space, as he turned from the wild jollity of a camp to its queer sudden pathos, and spoke of the bravery that went unrewarded and the great deeds that could never be recompensed. "For it ain't the best of us that's decorated," he said ; "and, after all, if a fellow drops behind in a rush, and has all his wounds in front, what better medal could he have than that ?" But I glanced at his breast, and, smiling, shook my head ; he was willing to tell story after story of what his chums had done, and what he had heard of others ; but he did not say how he had gained that plain little cross, and he only reddened and grew taciturn when I asked about it. "'Twas nothing," he said awkwardly, and there was no further word of it to be got from him ; "'twas of no consequence. Now, if they had given it to —" and he plunged into another story which ended in such a manner that we had both to stare hard out of window.

Not long after that I was travelling in France, hurrying southward, too, but at a very different rate of speed,

and with the hot southern sun beating implacably upon us, and filling the train with a stifling heat and dust, instead of dashing through rain and storm and the night. In the opposite corner was an apple-cheeked old woman, in a wonderful cap, with a bundle on her knee, and a trickle of tears lying in the wrinkles that seamed her face. "I go," she explained to us at intervals, "to meet my boy ; he is a soldier, you understand ; and he is coming home from overseas — oh ! he has been incredibly far away. And he is ill — very ill ; it is those terrible hot countries. He wanted so much to be a soldier, my André ; he said he would come back to me in a beautiful uniform and with a medal on his breast ; but now he is ill — very ill." And after a little silence, she added, "But perhaps the good air of France —" We drew near to Marseilles, and she looked round at us anxiously, with an open need of reassurance. "*Voyons !* I do not care about the medal ; but he is ill, very ill, and he has been so far away —" Then she went off to meet her André, who had no wounds to wear in front, and who, perhaps, would not even be there to meet her.

Somebody once, I think, spoke of mankind as "Kings of opportunity ;" and indeed it would be a very admirable thing even but once to command fate. But we have lost the trick and the mantle of conscious royalty ; we wear the emperor of China's invisible robe, and there is always some one ready to perceive our nakedness. It is all very well to order the tide to stand still, but it has a grievous manner of disobedience ; and truly, when one comes to think of it, it is not so much that royalty is lessened as that we think less fit to obey it. It was worth while being royal when power was a tangible thing and a crown lay actually upon one's temples. One can envy that princess who graved in stone her motto, "Grumble who will, thus shall it be, for it is my good pleasure ;" one would even like to say as much one's self, but for a lurking conviction that no one would pay any particular atten-

tion to it. No ; we have lost the habit of obedience, except perhaps to an Oriental potentate in jewelled robes, or a barbaric autocrat in none,—when it must be difficult to look royal, one thinks, though there are those that succeed.

There is a monarch of my acquaintance who is amiable in his manners and a fatherly despot in his government ; his lately learned civilization still sits strangely on him, and he doffs it sometimes, to take a luxurious plunge-bath into his former barbarism, though solely, as he assures his conscience and the nearest missionary, out of necessity. He was discovered recently superintending the happy despatch, by several refined modes of torture, of a considerable number of persons connected with his court, and was remonstrated with accordingly. "But consider," he returned, with conviction, "if I do not kill my people sometimes, how will they know that I am the king ?" And there was really a great deal to be said for it from his point of view. For he was a shrewd as well as an enlightened person, in spite of an immense desire to be a white man and a brother ; and when he was told that he should not cut off the ears and noses of his wives when they plagued him, he said that civilization gave him a stomach-ache.

But it is a mere necessity nowadays to be either Oriental or barbaric, if one would know what a fine manner of thing it is to be set up over other men ; unless, indeed, sleeping, one could dream one's self into an old-time tale, when constitutions were not and princes were a law unto themselves ; when the king's daughter was all beautiful within, and his sons declared their birthright in purple and fine linen ; when the king's face gave grace indeed, and he was free to pardon as to punish ; when the king's sword was unconquerable as the king's word was unbroken. In those far days, if you were born to the burden of it, it was worth while to be royal and something other than the rest of men, though it must sometimes have

been hard to live up to it even in the world of old romance.

I seem to have read a story once in some old book, a foolish, fantastic thing, which yet lingers oddly in my mind, of a king and his judgment. For he had a wife that was beautiful and frail ; and after a long drama of temptation and sin and shame, learning her secret he went to her, and showed her what was in his mind. And she, appalled at his pitifulness, yearned for punishment and thereby expiation ; and fetching her child, laid it before him with tears. "Lord, I am not worthy," she sobbed. "It is but right you should take it from me." But the king looked down upon her and upon the child, and mused a while in silence, and then returned it to her arms. "Keep it," he said ; "it will comfort you for the burden of a crown." And, the chronicler adds, the queen wept, and sinned no more. Yet she would, perhaps, have better understood the bearing of a penance and the absolution thereby gained.

But that was in the foolish old times, and all the world is wiser now, and cultivates its little sins kindly ; it is even the fashion to seem worse than we really are and to look on virtue as plebeian and underbred ; and we prefer to play the king of operetta, rather than to strut the tragic scene and round our mouths to great emotions. So we yawn over the passions of Phèdre (some of us), and crowd to watch the evident feet of Nini Patte en l'Air.

There was lately a foreign prince in Paris, travelling for his education ; he was simple in his tastes and of a discerning intelligence, and they took him to see a great tragedian play her greatest rôle of sin and suffering. The next night he went to the Folies-Bergères. "Now this," he said, "is reasonable ; this is serious. The other was *pour rire* ; people do not speak like that at all, and if they did such things, they would be put in prison. So I have been taught, and that it is wrong to do things for which you will be put in prison. But this—is reasonable. *J'aime à voir des femmes, et*

même d'en voir beaucoup." And we are all reasonable nowadays, even those of us who are kings.

But, nevertheless, I think we have the best of it, we happy folk who are not born in the trammels of the purple, and who can drowse or drudge through life as we please, without convulsing a nation by our small caprices; who can wear old clothes and enjoy the comfort of our loose and easy-fitting peccadilloes; who can sit down hungry to meat and rise up satisfied; and who can feel as intimate a satisfaction in the beauty of sky and sea, of the many-colored hills, and the admirable sunshine. It is a sufficing thing for one of a humble spirit to be warm and indolent and full of wandering fancies; to be soothed and tickled by the sound of lapping waters and the various pealing of bells; to hear the high voices of women and the laughter of children, and to catch the holiday note in the clatter of the hurrying feet. And, like the deeper undertone that creeps into the plashing waters of the bay from the deep seas outside, one remembers, now and then, that if to-day is All Saints, to-morrow is All Souls, and the priest will go down to the shore and pray for all those that sleep in all the waters of the world, at the Banks and at the Iceland fishings; and there will be some around him who listen and remember, and some who listen and fear. There will be eyes dim with the long habit of tears, and others weary with watching for the boats that have not yet returned; not yet, and it is November. There will be singing and chanting, and the incense will mingle with the salt smell of the seaweed; but the deepest and the longest prayer will be an unspoken one — "*Etoile de la Mer*, send us our men home from the sea!"

From The United Service Magazine.
ISANDHLWANA, ZULULAND, 1894.

BY E. A. HIRST.

ARRIVING at Rorke's Drift very tired, after my thirty miles ride over

the veldt, from Dundu in Natal, I at last found myself in Zululand — the country of all others, I had set my heart on seeing, with its brave people and historic battlefields, especially the famous and fatal field of Isandhlwana (pronounced Sandlewana). My first experience of Zululand was anything but pleasant. To begin with, it was raining hard, and the inhabitants of the so-called hotel were for the most part drunk, very drunk, so much so that I found one of them, a Boer, on my bed, with a Winchester near him, roaring out something about "Verdomdt, Englanders." So taking discretion to be the better part of valor, I retired to the wagon of a trader, and there spent a fairly quiet night. On waking up in the morning I found a huge Zulu standing over me, who, on seeing I was awake, lifted a cup of coffee over me, spilling some in the process, and calling out "Kooos" (Chief). Whereupon I took the coffee, said "Thank you," and nodded, at which the Zulu stared for a few moments, and then departed. Mr. L——, the trader, now returned, and said he would have to wait at the Drift for a day or so for another of his wagons. So it was agreed that we should ride over to the battlefield of Rorke's Drift. Calling Jim, his Zulu servant, my friend of the coffee, he told him to saddle up our horses, and we would start after breakfast. At breakfast I sat opposite my friend, the Boer of the previous night, who, with profuse apologies, hoped he had not disturbed me, as, he said, he had only had a "tot" or two with some friends; he did not often get down to the Drift, and when he did, he acknowledged, he generally made a night of it, but he meant no offence, so all was made right.

Mr. L—— and I rode out into the veldt to examine the historic mission station of Rorke's Drift, or "N'qutu," as the Zulus call it. The view from the Drift across the Buffalo River is perfect. The mission station, perched on the side of the sloping ground, nestled among trees, draws from one memories of that heroic defence when

Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead, with only one hundred and thirty men, gallantly held their own during the long afternoon and night of January 22nd and 23rd, 1879, after the fearful disaster at Isandhlwana, against about four thousand Zulus of the Undi Corps under the famous Zulu general, Debulamunzi. As we approach the mission station we were saluted by a Zulu servant of the missionary, who conducted us up to the house, where we were kindly received by one of the staff, who showed us a collection of assegais, shields, cartridges, and guns, that had been collected in and around the defences. In front of the first line of defence — only a low, stone wall — behind which, on the day of the fight, were piled biscuit-boxes, are the Zulu graves; some three hundred men are buried here. Here it was that the famous Undi Corps of Ketchwayo's army made their most determined charge, driving the defenders into the second line of biscuit-boxes and mealie bags, which formed a sort of last citadel for the defenders. Near here is the graveyard of those who fell or died of their wounds, in the centre of which stands a neat, stone obelisk, on which are carved the names of the soldiers, surmounted by a stone laurel-wreath with the number of the regiment on it. Very quiet and peaceful it all looks. It is difficult to imagine the tempestuous scenes enacted round this secluded spot, to adequately picture a defence which has sent its echoes round the civilized world, and a heroism which has added another page of fame to the records of the British army.

My companion had almost to drag me away from this entrancing spot. However, as it was getting late, and he had to see to his wagons and goods, I was forced to go; but not before I had promised my kind friend at the mission station that I would visit him on my return from my long trek through Zululand. The wagon having arrived, we determined to start for Isandhlwana in the morning. So retiring again to Mr. L——'s hospitable wagon to dream of Zulu charges and volleys of mus-

ketry, I awoke to find my Zulu friend, Jim, calling me to get up, as the Koos wanted to start early. To watch the inspanning of the oxen over our morning cup of coffee is a very interesting sight. Each ox has its own name, to which it answers by trotting up to its yoke. One is Salisbury, another Koos, and another Tagati (Wizard). Presently all are yoked up, and with a "Yak, yak, trek," from the Hottentot driver, the oxen strain and pull, and the great, tent-covered wagons ramble on their way over the veldt to Isandhlwana. It is impossible to describe the journey without the aid of the poet's pen. Now we are travelling over the veldt, like great seas of grass-land; now we enter some deep cleft in the mountains, to emerge again upon some seldom-trodden path round the base of a spur of the N'qutu Hills. Here there breaks upon our view the first clear sight of the famous mountain of Isandhlwana. Like a great closed hand, it towers to the sky, a fitting monument for all time for those who sleep beneath its shade. The wagon road here dips down into a deep valley watered by a long and winding stream, on whose banks nestle the numerous Zulu kraals, like magnified beehives in a summer field. The cattle of the Zulus, dotted here and there, complete the picture, tended by bright young Zulu lads, who rise at our approach, and give us the dignified and picturesque Zulu salute. Standing with one arm raised, they drone out their "Sagu bone inkoos" (I see you, chief), and with a "Ho, umfan" (O, boy), we pass across the stream and mount the slope, down which flew the few survivors from the terrible fight. Noticing dotted here and there small piles of stones, I asked my companion what they were for. He said, "Each of those mounds marks the grave of a British soldier, and this" — pointing to our right — "is the way to Fugitives' Drift, down which fled the panic-stricken survivors of the Natal native contingent on January 22nd, 1879."

On the top of the pass, to our left, is a great mound, marking the spot where

Colonel Durnford is supposed to have been killed fighting to the last against overwhelming odds, and to the right a great circle of stones marks the last stand of the gallant 24th Regiment—those brave red soldiers, as the Zulus say, who knew how to die. Surrounded by the Nodwengu, Nokenke, Umcitu, and Undi Regiments, they fought it out to the death. When ammunition was all expended, they plied the bayonet and the butt, and fell with their faces to the foe. No quarter was asked or given, and to their memory there stands this only—a circle of stones. Could a more befitting monument be erected? I think not, for that circle proclaims how British soldiers can fight and die in defence of their country, flag, and queen. From where we stand the whole battlefield is laid out before us like a map. Far away to our left the mission station nestling amidst the trees marks the spot where the Nodwengu Regiment of the Zulus rushed down upon the Natal native contingent carrying death and destruction like a great wave of the sea before them. And on our front, about a mile away to the right of the wagon-road, the store of Mr. B. marks the place near which Durnford's Basutos made their last gallant stand. From the hillock behind the store Thyingwayo directed the attack of the left horn of the Zulu army upon the 24th Regiment. Half-way up the side of Isandhlwana's steep slopes, another cairn marks the last stand of the brave Natal Carabiniers, a regiment of volunteers from fair Natal who fell before the furious rushes of the Myomi-Mhlopi, Nodwengu, and Udhuluku Regiments of the Zulus, but not before the slopes of the hills were slippery with the blood of hundreds of Ketchwayo's fierce warriors, who stood back aghast at a bravery in no wise inferior to their own. Night drawing on, drew a kindly veil over Isandhlwana's heights, shutting out for a few brief hours the scenes of man's evil passions. And so ended the fatal 22nd January, 1879. Of the two thousand British and allies and twenty thousand Zulus who

had seen the sun rise in all its splendor, few lived to see it rise again. A Zulu, one of our servants, told me that they had no intention of attacking on the 22nd of January, as they had not been mootied (medicined), but that the Umcitu Regiment brought on the battle by capturing some cattle which had strayed near their lines, whereon they were attacked by some mounted men (Durnford's Basutos) whom they drove back, and with the Nokenke Regiment charged across the stream which flows along the front of the British position, becoming engaged with some soldiers who were holding the donga in their front. Advancing slowly and in perfect order so as to give time to the wings to close round the British, he said there was great confusion in the white man's camp, but the fire from the guns caused them to fall back in great disorder, literally ploughing lines through their closely formed columns. Thyingwayo, their commander, rushed among them and rallied them, and with cries of "U'zulu" they again charged, this time breaking into the camp, they began to assegai all they met, and with frightful losses reached the guns, which the gunners and drivers tried to limber up, but they were overtaken, and after a gallant stand put to the assegai. Now he said the white men were fighting in groups back to back, and "our hearts had turned to water," and we should have run, had not reinforcements come up with which to renew the attack. Oh! how those white men fought! we could not break their circle; lifting the dead bodies of those around us, we hurled them upon the bayonets of the soldiers, only to be driven back again and again, till at last the fire of the white men began to slacken, and with a yell of "Bulula Umlunga," (kill the white men), we rushed upon them till we had killed them all. Very few of us went back to the king with Debulamanzi, Thyingwayo, and Mavumingwana. "Our hearts had turned to water," so, after sacking the wagons and hearing that some more white men were coming (Lord Chelmsford and Colonel Flynn

returning from the fight near Matyanas stronghold, evening, January 22nd, 1879), most of us made our way to our kraals. My regiment had over half killed, and we were surprised such a handful of white men could fight as they did.

As our wagons slowly trecked along the road to Mr. B.'s store, I rode about with Jim, the Zulu, examining each point of this fatal field, and listening to his tales of the fight, not got without a good deal of pumping. Here, he said, some way in front of Isandhlwana Hill, were the wagons, where one of the white men stood with his back against one of them and defended himself with an axe till one of the Zulus crept under the wagon and stabbed him from behind. To the right of the wagon road, about a mile from the hill, is a deep donga or gully, where Durnford's mounted Basutos died side by side with their white officers, and here also died Captain Shepstone trying to save his chief. Again to the left, looking back up the road, we see the spot where Colonel Pulleine, calling to Lieutenant Melville, said, "You, as senior lieutenant, will take the colors, and make the best of your way from here!" He then shook Melville's hand, and turning to his men, said, "Men of the 24th, here we stand to fight it out to the end." And here died a gallant officer with his men of the Old Warwickshire. Lieutenants Melville, Coghill, and Private Williams, gallantly cut their way through the Zulu host with their precious charge, only to give up their brave lives on the Natal side of the Buffalo River. The flag for which they had done so much, was found among some rocks near where their bodies lay, and with most solemn parade given into the hands of the surviving portion of the 24th Regiment at Helpmaakar. They had not died in vain, for by their courage and devotion to their duty, they had set an example to the world of how Britons will die in defence of their glorious flag. This flag was afterwards presented to her Majesty at Osborne, where she tied a wreath of immortelles to its staff-head

in memory of the three brave men who gave their lives in its defence.

The wagons having now reached the store, I rode back, glad for a short time to lose the sight of this fatal field, as the sun, like a great ball of blood, sank behind Isandhlwana's rugged crest.

From Chambers' Journal.

A "MYSTERY PLAY" IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.

AMONG the thousands who saw and millions who read of the world-renowned "Passion Play" of Ober Ammergau, there were probably but few who thought of the religious drama as a living institution in the very centre of England. It is nevertheless a fact that in the "Black Country" of South Staffordshire the Mystery or Miracle Play is to be seen flourishing in rejuvenated vigor, conducted in a distinctly religious spirit, and enjoying no little popularity.

We had long been deeply interested in some of the byways of popular sacred literature, finding food for profitable reflection in the rude religious ballads of the peasantry, and revelling in the Coventry and Townley Mysteries; when we chanced upon an advertisement of "The Sacred Drama of *Absalom*," to be performed by teachers and scholars of a Sunday-school about six miles from Birmingham. It was Gunpowder Day; and we journeyed to the scene of action through a region alarmingly suggestive of Dante's *Inferno*, amidst a drizzling rain that might have ensured the harmlessness of Guy Fawkes and all his magazine. Ascending an outside stairway, we found ourselves in an irregularly shaped room, lighted by half-a-dozen gas burners, and crowded to its utmost capacity with about two hundred and thirty persons, who had paid threepence or sixpence each for admission. There was a sprinkling of boys and girls, a large proportion of women, and a good number of men—colliers, iron-workers, and the like: a *bona-fide* working-class audience. At

one end of the room was a permanent platform, about a foot high. This served for a stage. It was screened off with coarse ticking, the stripes running horizontally, of which the middle portion being drawn up revealed a set of side-wings of red glazed calico. There being no footlights, the stage was lighted by two gas burners from above. At the back were two windows, shaded with lace curtains; between them hung a mirror, which was removed when the action was supposed to be out of doors. With one exception, there was no attempt at scenery.

On the rising of the curtain we see the entire company grouped upon the stage; they are young people, ranging in age from sixteen to twenty-five, fair samples of the rude, plain-spoken, but warm-hearted lads and lasses of the village. The superintendent is a respectable elderly man, well known as an effective though uncultured preacher. He announces a familiar hymn, which is heartily sung to an excruciating tune, well accompanied, however, by a working man on a fairly good harmonium. He next calls on one of the company to offer prayer, after which an extempore prologue invites attention to the moral teaching of what is to follow. The preliminaries conclude with a song of the conventional Sunday-school type, on the duty of obedience to parents; the curtain descends, and a musical interlude fills up the time while the stage is arranged for the first scene.

In a few minutes the play begins. Absalom's servant, in his shirt-sleeves and a white apron, admits a messenger in black coat and vest, who brings a private message for the prince. Enter Absalom, in a robe of pink glazed calico; to him the messenger hints, in a manner sufficiently intelligible to those familiar with the Bible narrative, but scarcely to others, the wrong that Amnon has done to his sister Tamar. Absalom, sword in hand, swears the death of Amnon.

Scene 2—Absalom asleep on a couch; stage dark. Enter three angels in white, who sing to the "Spanish Chant," a song about the danger of

harboring revengeful passions. They retire; Absalom, awaking, soliloquizes; he has had a strange dream, but what of that? For two years Tamar had endured her wrongs in silence; dream or no dream, she shall be avenged. Lights up. Enter the messenger, now regularly installed as Absalom's servant. With much unnecessary display of swords, he is instructed when and how to kill Amnon.

Scene 3—The two servants, in their shirt-sleeves, but each with a sword at his side, are spreading a table with eatables, knives and forks, plates, glasses, and jugs. One remarks that Amnon's time is drawing near; the other proposes to warn him; the first, with an ominous grip of his sword, bids his fellow "keep a still tongue in his head." Enter Absalom as before, and warns the servant that if he fail in his task it will be at his peril. Sundry guests enter, in ordinary dress, with the addition of belts and swords; Amnon is conspicuous from wearing his hat, a hard felt. Absalom salutes them all, and Amnon in particular. They sit at table, eat and drink, and talk of sheep and crops—the talk being extemporized. Several toasts are drunk, and the scene is protracted to a wearisome length. Ultimately, Amnon, being well plied with wine, becomes unmistakably drunk; and at a signal from Absalom, the servants kill him. General scramble and much flashing of swords, and the guests retire in confusion. Absalom, standing sword in hand over the body of Amnon, exclaims, "Now, my sister, thou art avenged."

Scene 4—The wise woman of Tekoa, in a black straw hat with a wide brim, *tête-à-tête* with Joab, in a dark frock-coat buttoned up to the chin, a cap with a red band, and two medals on his breast. He instructs her as to the disguise in which she is to speak a parable to David.

Scene 5—David, in a red tunic with white facings, shawl-pattern dressing-gown, and gilt-paper crown, is sitting moodily at a table. Unseen voices sing to the tune of "Happy Land; "

the burden of their song is, "David, forgive;" but David soliloquizes, "Absalom, beware." Enter the woman of Tekoa, in widow's weeds. She, by a parable, pleads for the pardon of Absalom. Joab is summoned, to whom David gives permission to bring Absalom back to Jerusalem, but will not see his face. The whole dialogue in this scene was taken verbatim from the Bible, and was so well recited that at the close of the widow's speech we were conscious of an unusual moisture about the eyes; but what followed was exceedingly ludicrous.

Scene 6—To Absalom enters a servant, who narrates the burning of Joab's corn; he has come in all haste, after obeying his master in this business, and "expects Joab and his servants are after him." Presently, another servant announces the coming of Joab, who complains of wanton damage. Absalom appeases him, and gains his promise to endeavor to bring about a complete reconciliation with the king.

Scene 7 exhibits the reconciliation; it is little more than a tableau, the attitudes apparently studied from a picture of "The Prodigal's Return."

Scene 8 presents a grotesque specimen, the only one, of the scene-painter's art. Absalom, in his pink calico robe and a black felt hat, is seated, reading, on a cane-bottomed chair "beside the way of the gate." The gate, which is closed, is of practicable height, apparently about eighteen inches wide, and located near the inner angle of two bright red brick walls; while in one of these, just over Absalom's chair, is a window of six small panes, resembling that of a larder or dairy. Enter a stranger in ordinary dress, who proves to be a suitor, weary of the law's delay. The conversation between him and Absalom is so slavishly copied from the elliptical narrative in the Bible, that nobody learns who the stranger is, whence he comes, or what is his business. Nevertheless, Absalom, who knows no more about him than the audience, assures him that "his matters are good and right." On the re-

tirement of the stranger, enter several conspirators in buttoned coats, belts, and caps. They salute Absalom, and are instructed to extol him everywhere as a radical reformer. No sooner have the conspirators departed than a messenger enters, announcing that everywhere "the hearts of the men of Israel are after Absalom." Re-enter the conspirators; and after two or three sentences from them to the same effect, Absalom says: "Let them sound the drums and proclaim me king." There is a prodigious drumming behind the wings; the conspirators salute, and cry: "God save King Absalom!" Almost before the rattle of the drums has ceased, another messenger appears, announcing the flight of David; to which Absalom replies: "'Tis better thus; now are we king indeed."

Scene 9 suggests the encampment of David; at least there is a Lilliputian tent in the middle of the stage, formed of a white sheet thrown over a painter's easel. Joab and a number of David's followers come marching on, and Joab asks if there is any news from Jerusalem. Zadok the priest is announced; there is nothing distinctive in his costume. Then enters David, dressing-gown, gilt-paper crown, etc., as before. He dismisses Zadok, with instructions to employ his son Ahimaaz as messenger. Hushai the Archite is also directed to offer his services to the usurper.

Scene 10—Absalom, in pink robe and felt hat, is surrounded by his friends, conspicuous among whom is Ahithophel (pronounced Ay-it-tée-piel). Hushai the Archite (*ch* as in church) tenders his submission. A council of war is held, and the contradictory opinions of Ahithophel and Hushai are given, the latter having the preference. The entire dialogue is verbatim from the Bible. As the council breaks up, Hushai lags behind; and to Zadok, who enters at the same moment, he briefly reports what has passed, urging that a message should be sent to David, bidding him hasten over Jordan.

Scene 11 shows the tent, as before; Joab and soldiers marching around.

Enter David, to him Ahimaaz, who reports the result of the council. "Ahithophel (he says) was a wise man; he went home, set his house in order, and hanged himself." David produces his sword, declaring that he is now ready to lead his friends to battle. Joab remonstrates; David's life is worth ten thousand of theirs; he must not incur needless danger. David acquiesces, but begs Joab to "deal gently with the young man," and all march off. Re-enter Joab, without a moment's interval; to him a soldier, announcing, "I saw Absalom hanged in an oak." The short Biblical dialogue in this place is somewhat abridged; and Joab rushes out, saying: "I may not tarry thus with thee."

"Last scene of all, which ends this strange, eventful history." David and an attendant are beside the tent. Enter, successively, Ahimaaz and Hushai, who narrate the battle and the death of Absalom. David cries out: "My God! why hast thou forsaken me?" The harmonium in the corner strikes up a few bars of the Dead March; and the body of Absalom is brought in, covered with a sheet, upon a bier that had evidently been designed for the obsequies of the swinish multitude. David delivers an oration in the approved style of the theatrical "heavy father," concluding with the well-remembered words—so touching in their proper place, so absurdly incongruous at the close of a long speech: "Oh! my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee!" The whole company, not forgetting the angels, gather around the bier; and sing, to the tune "Pilgrims of the Night," a dirge, of which the burden is, "Too late, too late for grace."

So ended "The Sacred Drama of *Absalom*." It was unmistakably regarded, both by actors and audience, as a great success; and the hearty singing of the Doxology seemed in no wise out of place, in view of the spirit in which the entire proceedings were conducted. There was no suspicion of anything ludicrous in the performance; the conduct of the actors was reverent

throughout; and even in the tedious yet laughable dinner scene, the extemporized dialogue was designed to inculcate gratitude to God for the good things of this life. We will not venture an opinion as to the utility of such a performance, from either a moral or religious point of view; but at least the intention was unimpeachable. We trudged homeward through the rain, feeling that the evening had been well spent. We had been brought within a measurable distance of the religious life of the fifteenth century; and it seemed to us that between the simple piety that inspired the "Cherry Tree Carol" and the "Coventry Mysteries," and that of the primitive Methodists in the Black Country, the interval was much less than is generally supposed.

From The Speaker.

KILLED BY THE BALTIC CANAL!

HAMBURG, June 18, 1895.

THAT the new Baltic-North Sea Canal will do good to mankind in general is obvious enough, even to the most blind of protectionists. But we are far from agreeing as to who in particular is to be mainly benefited by the magnificent waterway commenced eight years ago, and at the very door of the chief commercial city of Germany. Hamburg is spending the most money in rejoicing, and, unless this money is raised by force, we may reasonably conclude that she expects to profit very much by the new short route between the Baltic ports and those of the western ocean. She will be disappointed in some, let us hope that she will be compensated in other respects.

Five days ago I started in my little cruising-canoe *Caribee* from Berlin, and followed the great waterway to Hamburg. I paddled and sailed down the beautiful Havel to its confluence with the Elbe, and then followed that great stream until it lost me in a maze of Venice-like streets with a host of placards warning mariners against

drinking the waters of the Elbe. Then I knew that I was in Hamburg, and that the cholera year was not yet forgotten. But this cruise of mine was not made for pleasure only. Many as are the delights offered to the canoeist who has a taste for reeds and swans and water-lilies and windmills, for fishing-huts and out-of-the-world peasants, glorious distances, and meadows twinkling with flowers. I had no eye then for these beauties—not even for the waterfowl that circled over me, the huge storks and cranes and wild swans that started up as I rounded some unexpected bend. It is a paradise for sport of the water kind—but this in parentheses. My game was the German bargee, the skipper who navigates monster flat-bottomed craft from Berlin, from Dresden, from Breslau and Warsaw, and who carries the wares of Russia and Austria across the whole length of Germany in order to find the port where he may discharge his cargo for reshipment to England—perhaps around Cape Horn.

It was some hours before the right kind of a barge came along—not the mere local one carrying bricks or wood about the neighborhood of the capital, but a genuine long-distance craft with a wife on board and a box of flowers under the tiller. It was closing on to noon when my chosen barge hove in sight, at the tail end of a procession including five others—all in a tow of a puffy steamer. For credentials I passed up to the skipper a large paper parcel containing two pounds of good beef. I pleaded my helplessness, begged the use of his fire, and offered to pay him by a share of the good soup that would result from such a union of forces. The German bargee is a man of sentiment. He took pity on my condition and at once sought the assistance of his wife, who came on deck looking rather cross at being disturbed at her cooking. But she, too, melted when she heard that I was a poor forsaken paddler, who had nowhere to cook his food, and who could not get on to Hamburg excepting by working

from morning to night like a galley-slave. So the wife took the meat; the skipper made Caribee fast astern, and his two little children were quickly conciliated by a handful of cherries on the spot linked with the prospect of more in reserve. It was a barge about a hundred feet long, loaded with glassware bound for Mexico. It had been loaded some miles eastward of Berlin, and was going to Hamburg. That barge next year will find it profitable to avoid both Berlin and Hamburg, and to carry such a cargo to the nearest Baltic port—namely, Stettin—which is about half as far as from Berlin to Hamburg.

A glance at the map is necessary to explain the new relations that will be raised by this new channel. The steamer that now comes to Hamburg for a cargo manufactured eastward of Berlin, will next month seek that cargo not at the mouth of the Elbe, but at the mouth of the Oder or the Vistula. My skipper had never seen a map, but he knew all the inland waterways of Germany and could tell me what the barges were carrying, where they were from, and whither they were bound. And, indeed, it was a marvellous procession that had no ending, and which goes on, year in, year out, whenever it is not prevented by ice. There were cargoes from far away on the borders of Poland that had come by way of the Vistula through the Bromberg Canal, westward through the Netze and the Wartha to the Oder at Küstrin. Down the Oder they had gone as far as the Finow Canal, which led them into the Havel, and so on to the Elbe. This is a journey covering nine degrees of longitude, crossing nearly all Germany from east to west, and following a line almost parallel with the Baltic. Such a cargo will no longer come to Hamburg; it will come to Dantzig, and be there shipped on board an ocean steamer by way of Kiel without so much as dropping anchor in the Elbe. My barge-skipper pointed out to me cargoes of timber cut up into pieces about a yard long, and no thicker than one's arm.

They had been floated from far away near the upper Oder, and were going to Hamburg, in order to be there loaded on steamers bound for England, for this wood is used in the mines. Next year these cargoes will be made up in Stettin, and not Hamburg. All north Germany needs coal to a vast extent for the factories that have grown up along her inland waterways. Hamburg has been the chief depot for this commodity—not merely in supplying the towns along the Elbe, but Berlin, Breslau, and beyond. Henceforward sea-going colliers will bring their loads to ports on the Baltic, such as Memel, Königsberg, Elbing, Dantzig, Stettin, Rostock, Lübeck.

In other words, Hamburg to-day ceases to be the nearest port to the great centres of German consumption. She will remain the first seaport of Germany by reason of the excellence of her harbor, and the fact that she is at the mouth of a river which carries barges from the North Sea to beyond

the frontier of Austria. But her days of greatness are past.

Before the skipper's wife had made ready my soup, I had passed barges enough to fill a page of statistics; but figures are notoriously fallacious, as every statistician knows. The good skipper kept pointing out barge after barge from points in Germany whose geographical situation made it clear that soon these waters would see them no more. The cholera gave Hamburg a sharp blow, but the sharper one is that involved in declaring open the waterway between the North Sea and the Baltic. Yesterday Hamburg was *facile princeps* the commercial harbor of Germany; to-morrow she begins a decline, slow but distinct. She will soon be known for the ruins of her picturesque warehouses, the excellence of her eating-houses, the Venetian-like beauty of her thoroughfares, the Venetian-like character of her history. On her epitaph we shall read: "Killed by the Baltic Canal."

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

A MOTH-CATCHING PLANT.—This plant, (*Araugia albena*), which is a native of southern Africa, was introduced to New Zealand quite accidentally about seven years ago, and since then it has been extensively propagated there, on account of its effective service as a killer of destructive moths. Wherever the climate is mild, the plant is an exceedingly free grower; it twines and climbs with great luxuriance, and produces immense numbers of white or pinkish flowers, which have a very agreeable scent. These flowers attract innumerable moths. On a summer evening a hedge of *araugias* will be covered by a perfect cloud of moths, and in the morning there will not be a single flower that does not imprison one or two, and sometimes as many as four insects of various sizes and genera. The action of the *araugia* is purely mechanical. The calyx of the flower is rather deep, and the receptacle

for its sweet juices is placed at its base. Attracted by the powerful scent and the prospect of honey, the moth dives down the calyx, and protrudes its proboscis to reach the tempting food. But before it can do so the proboscis is nipped between two strong, hard, black pincers, which guard the passage, and once nipped there is no escape for the moth, which is held as in a vice, by the extreme end of the proboscis, and dies miserably. The *rationale* of the process is not yet explained. A plant of *araugia*, covering a space of ten yards in length, will destroy as many hundred moths every night, and, consequently, prevent the ravages of fifty times as many larvae. It is, however, a singular fact that in New Zealand, where the plant has often been cultivated for the express purpose of destroying the detested codlin moth (*Carpocapsa pomonella*), that wily insect declines to enter the trap.

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